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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



AUTHOR CONRAD (RIGHT) SHOOTING THE BULL WITH RENO

young Conrad, an experience the following year did turn him into a writer. After graduating from the Taft School in Watertown, Conn., and before entering Yale, he traveled to Spain for the first time. While in Pamplona he did, perhaps inevitably, exactly what his father had told him not to do: He "ran before the bulls," that very Spanish exercise in machismo that Hemingway glorified in *The Sun Also Rises*.

In fact, he did it twice.

The first time he was cautious, joining the crowd as it careened through the streets toward the bullring, well ahead of eight thundering bulls and assorted steers. The second day he waited a while longer before jumping into the streams of young men.

"Somebody tripped in the tunnel leading into the ring," says Conrad, "and there was an unbelievable chain reaction. I ran into the darkness and immediately pitched forward onto a pile of people, and others fell on top of me. Before I knew it there was a great mess, a jumble of bodies. It was like hell, something out of Goya. The bulls came through the tunnel and climbed right over the mountain of people. One hoof came so close to my head that I could see flakes of minute stuck to it."

One man was gored that day and 38 more were injured. Barnaby Conrad III, former prep, among them. That night, with two cracked ribs, a bruised elbow and a badly swollen left hand, Conrad took a train back to Madrid. Despite his injured hand, he began on that trip to write about his experience. Eventually he sold his story to the *San Francisco Examiner* for \$100 and he has been writing ever since. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is pleased to welcome another Barnaby Conrad to its pages.

*Philip D. Howard*

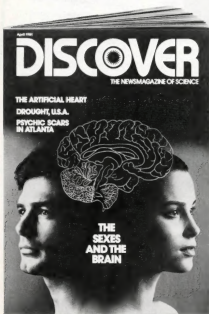
Although this Mexican adventure didn't make a bullfighter out of the



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## BOOKTALK

By JONATHAN YARDLEY

HERE'S A VOLUME THAT'S AS MUCH OF A LOSER AS ITS TOPIC, THE CHICAGO CUBS

The romance that occasionally attaches itself to truly bad teams is one of the more peculiar phenomena of sport, but a very real one. In recent years New Orleans has made an affectionate joke of its incompetent Saints, brown paper bags and all, just as in the early '60s New York fell head over heels for the Amazon' Mets. And the adoration that Chicago bestows upon its Cubs, to whom every synonym for feckless can be applied, is becoming the stuff of baseball legend.

The Windy City's devotion to the Cubs is, or is alleged to be, the subject of Barry Gifford's *The Neighborhood of Baseball* (E.P. Dutton, \$12.50). Subtitled "A Personal History of the Chicago Cubs," the book covers about a dozen years from the early '50s to the mid '60s, when the author was in regular attendance at Wrigley Field. But only the most devoted Cub fan will have the patience to wade through its turgid prose—and it helps to be a Barry Gifford fan as well, because Gifford is his own chief subject.

Indeed, *The Neighborhood of Baseball* is about as self-indulgent a book as one could hope, or, I might say, to read. Chapters recounting the history of the team are interspersed with chapters recapitulating the history of the author. Only occasionally do the two intersect. Perhaps there's some deep meaning for the Cubs in the story of Gifford's days at summer camp or his memories of Chip Hilton novels, but if there is he fails to demonstrate it. As for his history of the Cubs, it seems to have been lifted from newspaper clippings; only intermittently does Gifford manage to convey some sense of what it was like to be a fan in the Wrigley bleachers in those days.

There's one nice tale in the book: It involves Don Landrum, the erstwhile Cub outfielder who used good manners to deflect the taunts of one very cruel heckler and who perhaps taught his tormentor a lesson in the process. But one nice tale is not enough. *The Neighborhood of Baseball* is for readers who like bad books as much as they like bad teams.

END



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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

## ENDANGERED SEASON

With no immediate prospect for settlement of the baseball strike—although a breakthrough couldn't be ruled out—Milwaukee Brewer Centerfielder Paul Molitor last week expressed the view that unless the dispute is resolved by the July 11 All-Star break, it will be too late to save the rest of the schedule. "We'll need at least 30 days to reach playing condition, and that would leave only two months of the season," said Molitor. Although 120-odd games could be worked in for each team under such a timetable, Molitor fears that so abbreviated a schedule would make a mockery of the divisional races.

Few other observers set so early a date for scrapping the season. One widely held view is that play could resume if the baseball strike were over by the first week in August. Allowing time for the players to get back into shape, most teams could then complete a 100-game season. Oakland A's President Roy Eisenhardt would be willing to go further. "We have to get the issue of the strike expanded, to think of selling season tickets for next year," he argued. "So even if it were only one month, September, we would want to play ball. The playoffs and World Series generate tremendous interest. Even in this 'asternk year,' it would be unwise to cancel those events."

Despite the difficulty in fixing an exact date, general agreement exists that there is a point at which, in the absence of a settlement, it would be advisable to cancel the rest of the season. Seattle Mariner President Dan O'Brien notes that because non-contending teams generally fare poorly at the gate in September, they would have scant interest in sporting events so late in the season. There are also considerations of tradition and competitive fairness. The strike has already played havoc with divisional races, working a hardship on the second-place Texas Rangers, who might have been able to overtake the Oakland A's in the American League West during a four-game se-

ries that had been scheduled for last week, while benching the pitching-star Cardinals, who would have been in the midst of a grueling 16-game, 14-day road trip. As the strike drags on, such inequities will be compounded and the value of league championships further debased. O'Brien again: "It would be difficult to recognize a legitimate champion if the teams played less than 100 games. Even a 100-game figure would be a little difficult to comprehend for those who've been around the game for a long time."

## ARE YOU LISTENING, KEN MOFFETT?

Players on several teams in the Chico (Calif.) Little League recently threatened to strike after the league board decided, for economy reasons, that only members of first-place teams would receive trophies, while other players would have to settle for pins. Under threat of a walk-out, the board decided that trophies would be awarded to everybody. Would that the major league dispute be settled so easily, to buy the extra trophies, league officials simply tapped funds that had been earmarked for next season.

## GOLDEN BEAR AND GOLDEN CUB

A number of photographs, one of them in this magazine (51, June 29), showed 19-year-old Jack Nicklaus II caddying for his famous father during the U.S. Open at Mission. So where was Angelo Ariga, who has caddied off and on for the elder Nicklaus for 18 years? "I'm trying to find something for Angelo to do besides caddie the rest of his life," says the Golden Bear, who has most recently found work for the 50-year-old Ariga: greeting patrons in the restaurant at the Nicklaus-owned Frenchman's Creek course in North Palm Beach, Fla.

Nicklaus also explains that he wants to spend more time with his five children. Thus, 13-year-old Steve, a wide receiver and defensive end who will enter Florida State on a football scholarship in the fall, caddied for his father in last year's Canadian Open. And Jack II, who

had used Dad's bags in the 1976 British Open, did the same in the Memorial tournament in May at Muirfield, the Nicklaus home course in Dublin, Ohio. In so doing, Jack II was repaying a debt. A member of the "B" golf team last season at the University of North Carolina, the younger Nicklaus played in a U.S. Open qualifying tournament at Frenchman's Creek in June and enlisted Jack I as his caddy, a play that enabled the father to legally give the son on-course advice. Jack I used a golf cart—"What else would you expect?" he asked—and afterward cussed. "I hid all the yardages for him perfectly." Though Jack II shot 82-76



and missed qualifying by eight strokes, he said in a relieved tone, "At least my dad and I are still speaking."

They remained on speaking terms at the Open, where Jack I finished in a five-way tie for sixth. After a second-round double bogey on the 16th hole, the result of a shanked ball into the woods, Nicklaus was asked whether his son had counseled him on the shot. "My caddy talked to me after the shot," he said. "He told me I didn't keep my head down."

## FAULTING THE RULES

John McEneaney's outrageous behavior at Wimbledon during his first-round victory over Tom Gullison prompted the impotence of tennis officials when it comes to disciplining players. Under existing Grand Prix rules, which Wimbledon is and large purports to follow, nothing McEneaney did—break rackets, curse officials,

continued



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etc.—was, by itself or in sum, grounds for ejection from the tournament. A hysterical British press argued that he be given the heave-ho, but it's just as well that the All England Club, after duly deliberating the matter, restrained itself. Otherwise, it could have been argued that the Wimbledon boys floated properly even more than McEnroe did.

To be sure, the Grand Prix disciplinary procedures are laughable. Reflecting the reluctance of tournament promoters to risk losing the services of their star attractions, the rules require five separate acts of wrongdoing before a miscreant can be ejected—with a warning issued for the first offense, imposition of penalty points for the second and third, forfeiture of game for the fourth and, finally, default. A similar five-step process is needed to eject a player for stalling. Thus, a player could commit eight transgressions before being shown the exit. Interpreted literally, the rules make it impossible to eject a player on the spot for a single offense: not two, three or four—even if he spits at an umpire or gestures a bribe.

Without excusing McEnroe's boorishness, one point must be made about tennis' rampant permissiveness. It has helped cause the moment he sometimes becomes on the court, McEnroe has been allowed to misbehave with impunity, as have the Nastase, Jimmy Connors and others. Referring to McEnroe's behavior during the Gullikson match, Arthur Ashe, captain of a U.S. Davis Cup team on which McEnroe is scheduled to play this month against Czechoslovakia, told *NBC's* kinkpatrick: "John's conduct was unbecoming a professional, but we can't ask him to beat his own back but for the system's failure. He has been given too much leeway. He's like a little kid who has been allowed to get away with too much."

There are indications that fans, promoters and many players are, at last, growing impatient with misconduct on the court. While the elders of Wimbledon were well advised in refraining from ejecting McEnroe, it was a welcome development that they did sack him, legally, with a \$1,500 fine, the first fine in the tournament's 104-year history; and also fined three other players for unsportsmanlike behavior: Fritz Buchner (\$1,550), Kevin Carron (\$500) and Mark Edmondson (\$350). Wimbledon officials also were making about putting more teeth into dis-

ciplinary procedures in the future, as were representatives of the Grand Prix and the players' organization, the Association of Tennis Professionals. Tougher rules should indeed be adopted. That done, those rules should be consistently, fairly and firmly enforced so there can no longer be any doubt on the part of McEnroe or anyone else that the authorities meant business.

#### STRIKEBALL

For the benefit of fans deprived of baseball by the strike, Mattel Electronics has arranged to bring Mike Schmidt and George Brett, last year's National and American League MVPs and World Series rivals, to a Manhattan pub this week to match skills in a baseball game played on Mattel's video system, *Intellivision*. In the process, Mattel hopes to attract some newspaper attention, which may not be easy. As a curious byproduct of the strike, many papers have been busily filling their sports pages with mythical ball games of their own.

In Lexington, Ky., Rick Harley, sports editor of the *Leader*, played a baseball board game with his wife Susan in which, as Harley wrote the next day, Cincinnati scored a 5-4 victory over Montreal. The *Bellevue (Wash.) Journal-American* ran an account of an electronic baseball game played in a bar in which the Milwaukee Brewers beat the Mariners by the truly fantastic score of 21-20. The *Minneapolis Star* has run daily box scores and standings based on results of games played on a board game. Persuaded by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* to participate in yet another board game, Cardinals Manager Whitey Herring guided the Cards to a 4-1 win over San Diego, after which he said, "The guys played well considering they're on strike."

Some papers are simply making up game accounts and other baseball "news." Under the pseudonym Grant Wilson (who lives in Grandland, Ill.), the *San Francisco Examiner's* Stephanie Salter reported that Renée Steinmetz, the Giants' \$600,000-a-year host of a second basement, had, in a rush of abnegation, given away his money and was living on the beach, subsisting on abalone. Bill Corbin of the *Philadelphia Daily News* has run a series of Phibes stories that included an interview with the taciturn Steve Carlton, who was said to have abandoned his on-interview policy because the strike had made him realize "what a large role

major league baseball plays in the lives of millions of Americans." Then there's Sirriehall, which is what the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* calls its fictional coverage. On Father's Day the *Herald Examiner*, at the request of the father of Red Sox Catcher Gary Allenson, had the player hit a called-shot home run in his dad's honor against the Angels. But the paper flubbed when it said that the Dodgers had kept Steve Garvey's consecutive-game streak alive at 902 games by using him as a pinch runner. Informed that pinch running doesn't count as a game appearance, Sports Editor Allan Malmgren, evening the pregame's inequity, adopted a rules-be-damned posture and decreed: "Garvey's streak is going to continue on Strikeball."

Some of the newspaper fantasies have clothed with one another. The strike came just after Pete Rose had tied Stan Musial's National League record of 1610 career hits, and the *Philadelphia Journal's* Game Collier reported Rose getting No. 1631 the next day against the Braves' Rick Miller on a board game. "The game was stopped and the dice were mailed to Rose," despatched Collier. But the *Daily News's* Corbin had the record-breaking hit coming against the Braves' Gaylord Perry. Meanwhile, Salter arranged for Rose to go 26-innings before getting a hit—and to take out his frustration by trashing the Phillies clubhouse.

"Baseball fans want to read about baseball even if it's a fiction," says Milwaukee Journal Sports Editor Jim Cohen, defending the ersatzness one might believe. But the suspicion lingers that fans aren't reading the mythical stories quite as eagerly as the writers are creating them. Even the writers concede that the fantasies would quickly pall. One of them, Salter, says that when interest in her fictional accounts wanes, she'll have the players go on strike.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Mike Liner, St. Louis Blues goalie, on rule changes he'd like to see in the NHL: "Make the puck bigger and softer."
- Bobby Carris, Florida Technic Association parent coordinator, explaining a new rule outlawing grunting during matches: "I was at a boys' tournament in Ocala where nine matches were going on at once and it sounded like a piggy."
- Jim Palmer, Oriole pitcher, on the baseball strike: "A kind of look at this is a long rant."



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A scenic view of a baseball field in a wooded area with a body of water in the background. The field is green and well-maintained, with a sandy infield. The surrounding woods are dense and green. In the background, a body of water is visible, with several sailboats on the water. The sky is blue with some clouds.

# 'AND SOMEWHERE CHILDREN

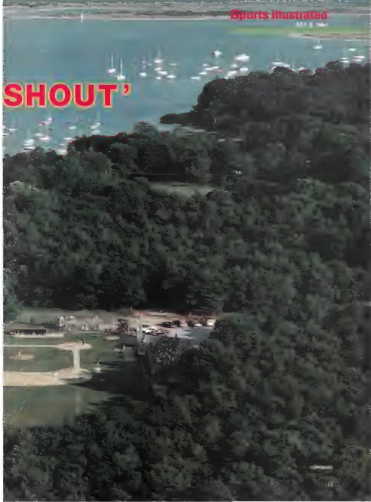
But there is no joy in Mudville now that the major leagues have struck out. Yet, here in the woods of Cotuit, Mass.—and in other picture-postcard settings—the Cape Cod Baseball League keeps yesterday's game green while preparing the pros of tomorrow. Photographs taken this summer and last attest to that continuity.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK WHITE

Sports Illustrated

SEP. 8, 1984

SHOUT'





**I**n the Cape League, the expression "crowding the plate" takes on new meaning, as shown by two Chatham A's. Left: "going up." It's all part of a life geared to making strides at the ball park.





Townspiece stays in with spare change and spare rooms. It's at the above a Chatham garage. Peyton Mosher serves as one of his three roommates. Cover is the Chatham press box, where there's a crowd







While Dave Scrimshaw Jr. plays the field, Mike gets a madhouse two after he tags a home run for Harwich. The Yarmouth-Dennis version of the Red Sox is building out all over, and a Chatham fan finds a front row bicycle seat.



## A PARADE OF YOUNG PEARLS

In other places, baseball fields are diamonds. On Cape Cod, they look more like oyster shells. There's something just short of wonderful about Cape Cod baseball, but then if it were to be like Henry David Thoreau and/or Patti Page—there's something just short of wonderful about Cape Cod.

The basic facts are that games of the Cape Cod Baseball League run from the middle of June through the middle of August, in eight towns—from Wareham, which isn't even on the Cape, to Orleans, which some older folks think is where the real Cape begins. College players from all over the country come to test themselves, and scouts come to watch. This is an

MLA-sanctioned summer league that major-league baseball helps support financially. The league has produced some pearls—about 40 current major leaguers, including Carlton Fisk and the last two American League Cy Young Award winners, Steve Stone and Mike Hargrett.

But that kind of information belongs in a brochure. The greater truth is that these towns live for their teams, and these players live with the townspeople. Before the season starts, while the managers are recruiting a roster of 15, local committees line up jobs and housing for the players. Then it's up to them to do their work, mostly at the minimum wage, play their game, and learn to chew tobacco.

Four of the Chatham Athletics live in a trailer above Woody and Karly Land's garage. The Land's, who have three children of their own, charge each of their temporary sons \$20 a week. "That just about covers the cost of the orange juice each one consumes," says Woody. Some living arrangements are a little more exciting. Last year Jim Sherman and Dave Steinhilber Jr. found themselves rooming in a haunted house. "We kept hearing strange noises," says Sherman, an outfielder and criminal justice major at the University of Delaware. "Does that we had closed at night would be open in the morning. When we casually mentioned it to the owner of the house, she just looked at us." It seems the previous owners had died in a gruesome housing accident.

That experience didn't keep Sherman from coming back, after he was drafted in the 26th round by the Cubs last month, he chose not to sign immediately. This year he has a slightly better arrangement, having moved in with four girls, ages 14 to 21. It's strictly platonic, of course, although the girls do come to Chatham games and wave a part of his red shorts on a stick while yelling "Oh, Shermie."

Last year Sherman had a job in the local sewage treatment plant (lies on him). This year he's firing clay tennis courts and teaching baseball to children. Six of the A's work at the push Wequasset Inn in Mashpee, busboys and bellhops.

Others roll dimes in a bank, park cars and man hardware counters. Players are expected to work harder so that the jobs will be set aside for next year's crop.

There are all sorts of peculiarities that the players must contend with: the dog that sometimes strays the field at Chatham because of its location on the elbow of the Cape; the field at Barnstable, which is 357 down the rightfield line and 351 in straightaway center; and the roads. The other night a postgame spread hosted by Manager Ed Voss, his wife, Kay, and their dog, Connie Mack, the players got to talking about that source of trouble, the rotas. "What are these rotas? Groggine some dividers?" said Sherman, mimicking a teenage new to the Cape. "I think they're kind of cute," said Columbia Pitcher Kent Lundgren, who is called Ginc because of his uncanny resemblance to Gary Wilder. Lundgren can't act, but then Wilder can't throw a knuckle curve.

Ginc was the starting pitcher last Friday night against visiting Orleans. Among the first to arrive at Veterans Park was a scout, Timmy Blann of the Cincinnati Reds. "You can learn more from in-field and outfield practice than you can from a whole game," he said. Scouts like the Cape League, both for the level of competition, which is roughly equivalent to that in the minor leagues, and for what it does for the players. "This is where they mature, learn responsibility," says Blann.

The fans include some local celebrities, juvenile fiction writer John F. Waters, Noel Kinski, who set the league record for wins (10) in 1965, and Ker and Dorothy Calhoun, the couple who housed Thurman Munson when he played for Chatham. A truck catering to Cape Cod's obsession with ice cream drives up, bearing "Ludgate's." The town's non-ages begin their mating rituals, even before a Boston Popstage of the national anthem is played.

Up on the hill that overlooks the natural amphitheater, people in cars pull over to watch as if it were a divined baseball theater. Little children try to catch the A's daisies, and nobody bows when Lundgren's sellers bring him by dropping fly balls. A batting belt is passed for donations, and almost everybody gives.

—STEVE WEIN

**M**apt League scouts bird doggedly, peruse their quarry. At the bright, the Cape Cod is lost through Orleans as a neighbor of Wareham, please English story celebration.







# CLEARING THE WAY FOR THE BIG PAYDAY

Against a background of land dealing, Sugar Ray Leonard and Thomas Hearns struck splendidly toward their September showdown. It was discouragingly clear, as if anyone ever doubted it, that boxing is more than money—the simple art of laying leather on another man's nose. Matt against man in the ring is but a sideshow to men against men in the hotel suites, where the end of a round is signaled by the clink of ice in a highball glass. There gamblers and plunder, like a hundred-fifty-five-pound fight cross, is the classic, counter-balance, and the rule of thumb (in the eye) is something like: never buy, looking from a Girl Scout unless you get the option on the Thai Muay and the site rights to her wedding. And so it went in Texas last week.

Houston was just as fight town, L.A., and while it drew some of the best in the sport, it also attracted the bad and the ugly, the big wheels and the bums. The star attractions, of course, were Leonard and Hearns, although not in the same way. If you're searching for two nice people, that pair ain't on the wrong planet. About attendance were box players, like Hearns' opponent, Pablo Barrera, who added five to 19 and got 22, and Ben Mendenhall, a gambler with close-by who once ran a gas station in Kampala. And there was Bob Arum, the boss of Top Rank Inc., which was trying to sell closed-circuit TV of last Thursday's fight and to theaters across the U.S. Arum was being the nepos line in a crap game against common sense.





*It shouldn't be a surprise that Kalule, on the floor for the first time in his career in the month he got to his feet but couldn't get on*

In the bouts that involved evenness and took place in the Astrodome, Hearns hit the inept Hagie in the mouth and dispatched him in the fourth round, thereby retaining his WBA welterweight title. And Leonard, the WBA welter champ, fighting with one hand—which seemed a reasonable impost—used all but one second of nine rounds of a tough and interesting fight to take the WBA main

middleweight title from Ayub Kalule, a Ugandan fighting out of Copenhagen.

For Leonard, who earned \$2.5 million, and Hearns (\$525,000), the night was a lucrative public workout meant to whet appetites for their megabuck bout on Sept. 16, most likely at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas for the unification of the welterweight titles—perhaps.

The "perhaps" is contingent first upon

*continued*



the greed of the World Boxing Council. Word filtered into Houston that the WBC would henceforth demand 20% of every champion's purse, 10% of the challenger's, and would exact 20% of the fighters' total purses from the promoter. Just to sanction the fight, if Leonard earns \$8 million and Hearns \$5 million at Caesars, which is more than possible, the official WBC sanction would cost \$575,000. At those prices you can be sure the letters WBC will grace no fight poster come September.

Then there is the WBA. Popeto Cordova, a powerful voice in that group, claims to hold an option to promote one Hearns fight and is calling in his marker. Reportedly he wants \$100,000 to get out of the way. The odds on Cordova's money grab are only slightly better than the

WBC's. With brilliant foresight Leonard and Hearns signed contracts calling for only a 15-round bout at 147 pounds. There is no mention of them fighting for anyone's world title.

As for Arum, when he volunteered to handle the Leonard-Kahle fight, he came up with the idea, apparently all on his own, that he would then have a piece of the September show. A few days before the Houston fight, chewing on the fact that a New York rock-'n'-roll promoter named Shelly Finkel would have the closed-circuit rights for Leonard-Hearns, Arum went into a screaming rage.

"We never discussed the September fight with him," said Mike Trainer, Leonard's attorney and financial guru. "He assumed he would be a part of it. He assumed wrong." Arum unleashed a volley of abuse. He said Trainer was stupid for letting Leonard fight Kahle anyway, because the Ugandan was too strong for him. "This match wasn't my idea," Arum said. "They [the Leonard people] made me do it. I don't make stupid predictions. I don't have to." He was forgetting that a few weeks earlier he had picked Leon Spinks to beat Larry Holmes.

In an afterthought, Arum also picked Baze to beat Hearns.

It was enough to drive boxing writers to drink.

When he arrived in Houston, Kahle first had to dispose of

Mugmbu, the witch doctor imported expressly from Uganda to drum up publicity. Mugmbu was the brainchild of publisher Rudd, an Arum press agent. Rudd found his man by calling the Ugandan Mission in the U.S.

"Living Rudd here," he said to Roy Magara at the Mission. "I'd like to ask to you about Ugandan cultural things. Do you have a witch doctor?"

Magara mentioned Mugmbu, a Catholic, with six kids, who had given up pumping gas to run a coffee plantation. They flew him in for \$1,500. When he arrived, Kahle told him to get lost.

Kahle is a member of the Baganda tribe, Uganda's most prominent, and speaks four languages. "I am embarrassed," he said. "Why do they do this to me, like I am a fool? I didn't just come out of the jungle. Take him away."

Hearns was on the card as part of the deal for Leonard-Hearns in the fall. Only a 15-rounder, pick your own opponent, Emanuel Steward, Hearns' manager and trainer, was told. He dipped into the unknown and found Baze. Then he thought: Why should Hearns pay preliminary to Leonard's main event? He suggested they make Hearns-Baze a title fight. Arum said it sounded good.

"Then if it's a title fight we'll want more money," said Steward.

"No," said Arum, who could see red ink oozing from the closed circuit.

Trainer solved that. "Take \$100,000 off Ray's purse and give it to Hearns," he said, not wanting a trifling hundred grand to threaten the September payday.

Now Steward demanded that Hearns get equal billing on the Houston fight poster. Trainer said he didn't care. "They're still going to look at Ray anyway," he said.

The final point was which fighter would go on last. Steward wanted it to be his man until he was told that if Hearns fought last, no one would see him because the media would be talking to Leonard. Steward then saw the light, writing only that "they play the national anthem before our fight."

Although the fight was now a title match, Baze was still Hearns' opponent despite his 12-9-2 record, which somehow came out in the press releases as 14-8-2. Either way it was long, which didn't stop the WBA from upgrading Baze from unranked to No. 9 after it learned he was to fight for the title. Perhaps the WBA was unaware that he had



Kahle (top) and Sugar Ray Leonard (bottom) during the fight.



won but three of his last eight fights. When he arrived in Houston, the 6' 1" Baze said he was 22, had come to the U.S. when he was 19, and had been here five years. He also said he had been knocked down only twice, which came as a surprise to Victor Abraham, one of Leonard's sparring partners, who said he personally had knocked Baze down three times in a bout in 1978.

Baze lasted until 2:10 of the fourth, when he collapsed on the lower strand of the ropes with Chaplinesque grace. He was paid \$75,000, or \$60,000 more than he made for his last fight.

Leonard came into the Amundson ring at 153 pounds, the same as Kalule, wearing a black robe with yellow serpents on each sleeve and black trunks with a yellow cobra head on the left leg. While Leonard was training in Phoenix with Janks Morris, his ring mentor since age 13, he had dispatched an aide to the local library to research Ugandan witch doctors. Witch doctors, came back the report, fear the color black and aren't all that happy with snakes, which are too quick to put a spell on. In any case, Leonard won the best-suita prize.

A natural right-hander, Kalule fights southpaw, although his stance is more often static. He's a plodder without much of a punch. He was undefeated in 30 fights because he ran iron man, wearing opponents down with relentless pressure. He had never been knocked down.

Kalule's Danish handlers had expected that he would have to chase the fleet Leonard. They were shocked when Sugar Ray went right at their man. Kalule was only confused for the first two rounds. Leonard pierced the champion's compact defenses with a cracking jab. And then the jab was gone. Early in the third, Leonard bounced a left hook off Kalule's head and bruised the knuckle of his middle finger. It's a familiar injury with Leonard, one that causes pain when he jabs to the head but still permits him to hook to the softer body. But clearly Leonard was handicapped. Everything he does comes off the jab, it's the trigger for his brilliant combinations.

Although worried about the injury, Leonard came out in the fourth like a starfish, iron poisoning on a tethered antelope. Four times he rocked Kalule, but each time he moved in to finish him, Leonard ran into a stone wall.

In the fifth Kalule began to zero in on Leonard with his right hand. Midway

Baze equalled Baze in readiness but only also. The champ had him on the ropes for a fourth-round DQ.

through the seventh, a right to the head caught the challenger off balance and spun him around. A ball of ice formed in the stomachs of those looking ahead to September. "It scared the hell out of me," said Steward. Recovering quickly, Leonard danced away. Kalule followed him with growing confidence; he is a patient fighter with unlimited endurance. In the eighth round the Ugandan looked even stronger.

But then Kalule came unglued. Firing from the right side, Leonard caught him with two smashes to the head, drove him into a corner with another right and hammered him twice before he could get away. It was a momentary respite. Another right drove Kalule back to the ropes, and a thunderclap left-right-left-right combination—savage punches—sent him crashing. Kalule, dazed, was up at six. When Carlos Berrocal, the referee imported from Panama, asked him if he was O.K., Kalule shook his head. Berrocal signalled a ceasefire. The time was 2:59 of the ninth round.

At that point, Leonard, a reformed gymnast, did a full 360-degree, no-hands flip, a stunt he had practiced in secret. Only while in midflight did Leonard realize, to his horror, that he had neglected to allow for the restriction of his protective cup. "Oh my God," Leonard thought as he spun, "what have I done!" Fortunately, he landed on his feet. But then he always does.

Later on, Kalule's people would protest that their man had been unable to understand Berrocal, who speaks only Spanish, which is not one of Kalule's four languages.

Still, it really didn't matter if Berrocal could speak a dozen languages and Kalule understood them all. The Ugandan



wasn't filing any protests. As he told New York sportscaster Bill Maerz, who was doing the closed-circuit broadcast, "I told the referee to stop it. I didn't want to be like Leon Spinks."

He meant unconscious.

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# El Texano Comes of Age

David Rerk, a lanky 18-year-old high school kid from Houston, goes into the ring at Juarez a novice and comes out a full-fledged matador, getting an ovation—and an ear—for his performance **by Barnaby Conrad III**

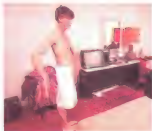
**I**n 1961, the American matador John Fulton, who hadn't fought a bull in eight months and was suffering from a sprained ankle, hobbled into the Madrid bullring, fought miserably and was goaded by a critic: "Miser Fulton has proved once again that a North American has no business in a bullring." While Fulton eventually redeemed himself, he spent years breaking through the prejudice that anyone born without sangre in his veins couldn't possibly be an acceptable bullfighter.

Twenty years later, on Easter Sunday this year, a restless crowd of 10,000 in Juarez, Mexico watched as a gangly, blond, blue-eyed gringo from Texas named David Rerk stepped into the bullring there to take his alternativa and thus become a recognized, full-fledged matador. An 18-year-old high school senior from Houston, Rerk had spent four years training for this moment. He had fought in 40 novilladas on the rookie circuit in Mexico and had killed 50 bulls. At 15 he had become the youngest member of the Asociación de Matadores, and now, under the tutelage of Pepe Luis Vazquez, an esteemed senior matador, he was considered one of the most promising novilleros in Mexico. But Vazquez was worried about the Juarez fight, worried they were rushing things. "David hasn't fought that many big bulls," Vazquez said, "and we've had only two months to really train together."

Sharing the ring at Juarez with Rerk were Ferrnán Espinosa and his brother Miguel—here to the famous "Arenalita" dynasty of matadores and two of the hottest "swords" in the land. They goaded David cordially before entering the ring, but one couldn't help but wonder what

continued



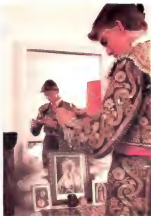


The 6'2", 140-pound Berk mimes passes in a motel room the day of the bullfight, dons the pink hose matadors wear, and has the traditional pigtail attached by his mentor, Vazquez.



they were thinking, "Would this group fade into mediocrity, as so many had before him, or would he one day compete with them for top billing?" Whatever their feelings, their mere presence in the ring was competition enough for a nonbeliever of any nationality.

A few hours before the fight, Renk was a Yankee kid through and through, with his Texas drawl and his fondness for Mad magazine and Coca-Cola, but in the bright sunlight of the bullring, wearing "the suit of lights," walking into the arena with dignity, he was different. It didn't matter that he once had had club feet and might still get English this semester at C. V. Starr High School — now he was *El Terano*, scheduled to fight Pepete, No. 84, a cool black half-ton bull. If David could dominate Pepete and perform well, he would make history. But as the bull came out of the gate and charged the preliminary cage of a *banderillero*, Vazquez shook his head and said to Renk, "He's looking to both sides. David, he's a bad animal. If



Renk is hugged by his proud but concerned mother, and, following custom, he lights candles to the Virgin at a makeshift altar.

the preacher doesn't parish him well, you'll have trouble."

That David Renk was walking — much less fighting bulls — was something of a miracle. At the age of nine, he underwent eight hours of surgery to correct deformed feet that had left him walking like a crab since early childhood. From the time he was a baby, he'd gone to bullfights with his father, a Houston water-soundering executive and part-time rancher, and had revelled in the spectacle. One Sunday in 1972, after his operation, he was taken by his father to watch Vazquez, an old friend, in the Plaza bullring. Before killing his first bull, Vazquez walked to the side of the ring, where David was sitting in his wheelchair, cradled in plaster from hip to toe. "What happened to you?" Vazquez asked. David told stories of the operation. "Well," said Vazquez, in his perfect English, "you'll accomplish whatever you want. You'll be whatever you want to be."

"Even a matador?" asked David.

"Even a matador," said Vazquez. "I dedicate this bull to the success of your operation."

(continued)

The kill earned Vázquez an ear. As he walked around the ring in the traditional ceremony he paused as he passed David and towed the ear to him. It was a scene out of a Frank Capra movie, but the next episode was pure Sam Peckinpah. When Vázquez was in the ring again later with his last bull, he was gored in the groin. He staggered to his feet, blood pouring from the wound, killed the bull and passed out. The goring was so bad that it was two years before he fought again.

Meanwhile, David had been fighting his own battle: learning to walk for the second time around. His father recalls, "When the casts came off, I'd stand him up against the wall like a 2-year-old and make him walk to me." After regaining strength and balance, David began to walk properly



The first bull was a difficult one. Here Renc warily eyes the horns as the animal tries to stop instead of going by cleanly.



Renc and his "cuadrilla," men who will assist him, await the signal for the ceremonial opening procession into the ring.

and was no longer the butt of schoolroom jokes, although it was some time before he was able to run. Even then he knew he'd rather fight bulls than throw footballs, although he was a student-trainer of his high school football team for four seasons. "Play football!" Renc says, mockingly. "Me!" That game is really dangerous. (Actually, a tossed football broke his index finger in a freak sideline accident.)

At 14, he began bullfighting in earnest, taking six months off from school to live in Mexico with the family of another *novillero*. He began to fight in *novilladas*—the testing circuit for rookies—and when he proved he was serious about what he was doing, his father called on his old friend, Vazquez. Vazquez's name, after 40 years on fight posters, unquestionably helped to open doors for his gringo protégé, but it's his knowledge of the bulls that young Renc values most. "Every move I make in the ring I owe to him," he says. "From the way I walk to the way I kill. He's like an encyclopedia of the last four decades of bullfighting."

At 6'7" and 140 pounds, Renc is much taller and thinner than the ideal bullfighter. Vazquez had to teach him passes that were suitable to his bean-pole physique and carriage—classical variations rather than sizzle-dazzle moves. "David is very open to what I tell him," Vazquez says. "He listens carefully, and he works hard."

The 58-year-old Vazquez lay by a swimming pool in an El Paso motel before Renc's alternative, talking of David—and Vazquez and Tobooy. "I'm one of the few matadors who enjoy listening to Mozart's *Requiem Mass*," he says. As he turned over, the sunken lotion on his legs made the scars there glisten like tiny rivers; a map of tragic afternoons. "I killed eight of the 11 bulls that gored me," he says.

David Renc has seen photographs of Vazquez injured in

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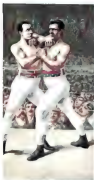




Renk's second bull, Señor Doctor, has now been dominated, and as it focuses on the muleta, David prepares for the kill.

CONTINUED

# Go! G







the ring, and his childhood memory of Pepe Luis' lost golem hasn't faded. Has he ever been afraid himself? "Of course I'm afraid," he says, "but the fear is mostly before the fight. Nerves, facing the crowd. I don't think about getting gored much. I won't think about it until it happens."

Until it happens. Runk has been tossed but never gored, yet he has been in the business long enough to know that there have been more than 400 recorded fatalities in the ring since the peador Matos Saez was killed in Seville in 1747; unrecorded are the hundreds of amateurs who bled to death in small villages or in the remote holds of bull ranches. Most bullfighters expect to be gored slightly or gravely at least once a season. At the age of 60, Juan Belmonte, the Spaniard who more or less invented modern bullfighting, estimated that he had sustained 50 cornadas. Yet his great rival, Joselito, was virtually untouched until the day he took a horn in the stomach and died—from the shock of discovering he wasn't immortal, they say.

Training to be a bullfighter is both arduous and expensive, and the *cuadrilla*, the assistant he requires at each fight, is costly. Fred Runk isn't a rich man, but he estimates he's spent \$100,000 on David's career in the last three years,

why with bulls averaging \$1,000 apiece and banderillas and picadors costing \$300 each for an afternoon's work. If David's alternaria brings him lucrative contracts, he might recoup his investment. "It's not the money we're after," says the elder Runk, who once fought bulls as an aspirant novillero. Why, then, would Fred Runk or David or any other American want to become a bullfighter? John Steinbeck wrote: "I like bullfighting, because to me it is a lonely, formal, anguished microcosm of what happens to every man, sometimes, even in an office, strangled by the glue on the envelopes.... There's a fierce unbeaten acceptance of final defeat in the bullfight and I love glory."

But David, unlike almost all the other American novillos, isn't literary (though he did pass his English exam). Asked if he has read *Death in the Afternoon*, he shrugs. "No, I have a copy at home, but I don't like to read." Needless to say, Vasquez doesn't bother him with Tolstoy. What they have in common is a mutual passion for one of man's most ancient rituals, one that traces its cruel roots to the Span of El Cid, to the gladiatorial arena of the Caesars, to the bull dancers of Mexico's Yucatán. Bullfighting isn't a contest like boxing or cockfighting—it's two other bloody pastimes of

## The Other Americans

In the history of bullfighting, there have been dozens of amateur fighters from the U.S., but only eight men (ironically, four of them artists), including David Runk, have taken the alternaria to achieve full status as *matador* de toros, and only three of those have achieved that distinction in Spain, the mecca of *la fiesta brava*.

In 1910, Harper Lee, a 26-year-old Texan-born civil engineer working for the Mexican Central Railway, became America's first full

matador. He was reportedly good with the banderillas and the sword, but severe gonorrhea and the Mexican Revolution cut short his bullfighting career, and he went into the oil business.

The second American, Sidney Franklin, was good enough to earn a special section in Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*. Hemingway called the Brooklyn-born comic "brave with a cold, serene and intelligent" or "Son of Russian Jewish immigrants, Franklin (real name: Frankel) abandoned a career in commercial art after his first trip to Mexico in 1923, when he began to fight bulls at the age of 19. His career peaked later on in Spain after a magnificent fight in Seville, but it wasn't until 1945 that he took his alternaria in Madrid's Plaza de Toros. At 42, he was the oldest man ever to become a full matador in Spain.

It had been Franklin's hope to introduce bullfighting in the U.S., but the authorities snatched his plans for bloodless bullfights in Newark in 1930. However, he was allowed to perform at the 1939 New York World's Fair. In 1959 Franklin had a final banderillero fight in the Jaume building when he gave his American protégé, Baron Clements, the alternaria. Pepe Luis Vasquez remembers it



Sidney Franklin, Papa's old friend.

well: "Franklin was gored by his second bull and Clements couldn't kill the last bull, so I had to finish them both off, making my total four bulls for the day."

Franklin, who died in a New York nursing home in 1976 at the age of 72, fared better than his other protégé, Potter Luck. Known as El Rabo de Boston (The Boston Round), the intellectual Luck had a promising start as a novillero in Spain but sustained a terrible goring in 1955. The pain of the wound led



Harper Lee fought 70 years ago.

the modern world—but a rite in which the death of the bull is a given and the battle is between a man and himself. The matador exposes his mortality as he works with the bull in an effort to inspire in the spectator an emotion that Aristotle defined as pity mixed with fear. *La fiesta brava* is a test of man's courage, a sort of ballet with death that makes us appreciate life. Despite the athletic skills it demands, it isn't a sport, but an emotional art. David Rink says, "My job is to be sure the bull is fought with dignity and honor; the crowd will let me know when I fail." Bullfighting for most people is indefensible, but for many it is irresistible: once the *gusanillo de afición*—the worm of bull passion—gets in the bloodstream.

At noon on the day of the fight in Juarez, the Rink entourage drives to the bullring for the *sorteo*, the choosing of the bulls. Vasquez draws for David and is satisfied with the selection, although he doesn't like the bloodlines from this ranch. "Only one of a dozen of these bulls is any good," he says. Fred Rink is jumpy. David, in sunglasses and a Western shirt, drinks Coke for energy; he isn't allowed lunch so that surgeons can operate immediately in case he is gored.

In a motel room in Juarez, friends, family and admirers

watch Vasquez and Ruben Blanco, another ex-fighter, who once framed David, draw him in the "sun of lights," sliding newspaper shears up into the tight trousers to keep the line of the pants straight. In the corner a renowned Mexican guitarist plays the sad gypsy music of Spain. A cluster of crucifixes jingles against David's bare chest as he slips his legs into three pairs of stockings. Pepe Llanes, the traditional pigtail to David's hair, apologizing for pinching his scalp. David puts on the heavily braided jacket, and he is suddenly no longer the goofy, bubble-gum-chewing kid, lives in this room filled with family and friends, he seems suddenly a man alone. A few words of luck are exchanged, and then the banners on discreetly cut as David lights three candles to the Virgin, whose picture is on a bureau serving as an altar. David, Vasquez and Fred Rink bow their heads in prayer. Then it's time to go. In Mexico the only function that starts on time is the bullfight.

The bull charges dangerously, but without conviction. Rink stands behind the bandereros with Vasquez at his side. This first bull of the day has already been heavily worked over by the picador to slow him down—too heavily for the crowd's liking—and the boss that rained on the picador,

*continued*

him to drugs, and 10 years later he was found leaning both upright against a wall in Mazatlan, dead of a mysterious bullet in his brain.

During the 1950s a number of women entered the ring as amateurs. A former New York fashion model, Bette Ford, drew some interest, but most people felt that Patricia McCormack was the more promising. Neither took the alternative. In that same decade came another American hope, Rocky Moody, who had enough guts and skill to have become a first-rate torero. However, he suffered a horrendous goring that cost him a leg, his career and almost his life.

Robert Ryan, a California artist, took the alternative in Mexico successfully in 1967, and Diego O'Belger followed in 1969. Both have cut ears, and O'Belger worked with David Rink early on. Richard Cori fought in both Mexico and Spain but took his alternative only in Spain. And, for the record, my father, Barnaby Conrad Jr., fought as a top-ranked amateur in Spain, Peru and Mexico during the 1940s. Despite fine technique from the maestro Juan Belmonte, he nearly died after a bull drove nine inches of horn into his lower left thigh during an exhibition in 1958. He won't let bull for literature—John Steinbeck joined his Marado—and so.

The most accomplished American matador undoubtedly has been John Fulkson, now 49, who is in Mexico City writing a fight that will confirm him at the nation's capital. At

19, Fulkson was an artist from Philadelphia filled with visions of *Blood and Sand*; in Mexico he wormed his way into bull ranches and small fights in the boondocks. He continued his quest in Spain but found himself shouldered aside by the bullfighting bureaucracy. Despite the setback mentioned at the beginning of the accompanying article, he took his alternative in Seville on July 18, 1963.

His first bull was big enough, but his second was a monster (375 kilos)—"a veritable cathedral," wrote a critic—yet Fulkson dominated the animal in magnificent fashion and rode out of the ring on the shoulders of the adoring crowd. The dream had come true, but at 31 he was already a year older than Ma-



**Barnaby Conrad, the author's father.**



**Bette Ford came along in the '50s.**

adote when the latter was killed in the ring—ancient for a young man's game. The next two decades brought him few fights and much frustration, but Fulkson remains the only active American to have taken the alternative in Spain, where fighting is generally considered to be a step above Mexico in quality. David Rink's first corrida in Mexico ended his successful alternative takes place this Sunday, July 5, on the border town of Piedras Negras, where he goes mano a mano, two bulls apiece, with Manolo Espinosa Armillita, the oldest and best of the three famed bullfighting brothers. But to be recognized seriously as a matador, Rink will have to journey to Spain for confirmation.

—BARNABY CONRAD III



that traditional villain of the bullfight, spill momentarily onto Rerk. He makes a few competent passes that draw odes, but the *banderilleros*, portly, retirement-age men hired from the union (fat contracts are necessary if a bull-fighter wants his own hand-picked assistants), flub their mission and set only three of the six *banderillas* in the bull's shoulders. "Go back to Houston!" shouts a man in shades and a high-peaked Stetson. While the *banderilleros* keep the bull occupied on the far side of the ring, Rerk and the *Armalitas* loiterers step before the bullfight president's box, where the *Armalitas* embrace David, formally welcoming him as a matador *de novo*.

The wind, nemesis of the matador, is picking up now, and Rerk calls for water to weight down the edge of the muleta so that it won't blow across his legs and smack the bull to his body. He makes a couple of nice *derechazos* (right-handed passes), but the bull is turning so quickly that he has to slither to safety. Realizing there isn't much in this bull for art, he lines him up for a quick kill. Straight over the horns he goes and, though the sword doesn't go in as far as it should have, the blade cuts vital organs and the bull falls dead in less than a minute. Rerk has done solid, journeyman's work and the crowd lets him take a *vuelta* around the ring. He has successfully completed the afternoon—nothing, not even death, can take that away from him now. But he knows that he must go farther with the second bull.

To a warm chorus of "¡olé," the matador makes a triumphant tour of the ring, holding aloft the ear the judge has awarded.

The two *Armalitas* take turns fighting the next four bulls, placing their own *banderillas*, and even learning up to do *double derechos*—a tandem pass in which the bull charges between the two swirling capes, part art, part skill, part show for the border-town crowd. They take in the *olé*. Miguel cuts two ears on his first bull but takes several embarrassing sword thrusts to kill his second.

As David prepares to face the last bull of the afternoon, a few spectators begin to rise. After all, how could this gringo top the spit-and-polish *Armalitas*? But as the *toros* open and a bull named *Señor Doctor* barrels into the sunlight, they linger—just in case.

David turns points right away by facing the bull himself first, without letting his *banderillero* test him for looking and eyeing. As he flings the magenta and yellow cape in the bull's path, he shouts, "¡Atta, torito! Look!" Without hesitation, *Señor Doctor* charges, fast. Vanquish watches stonily. This bull might be too much for David, but its confirmation is good and it charges well. It's up to David to do what he has to do. The Rerk encourage and many of the

spectators know that this might be the most important bull of David's life. A lackluster fight and chances for contracts would fade.

David's voracious draw offs with growing fervor from the crowd. His first series of six passes brings applause and the judge's award of the *chasis*, the sounding of the trumpets. His game, taking the bull away from the picador, also draws applause, which is dampened only slightly by the later ineptitude of the banderilleros. As he exchanges the large cape for the muleta, Renc asks, "How'm I doing?" Vazquez replies, "It's a good bull. Keep doing what you're doing. You can go on both sides, but when you kill, kill like I taught you, not like that first bull."

New energy seems to flow through the arena when, in a series of maneuvers, Renc, his feet planted, his legs like ramrods, brings the bull in closer and closer. He moves into five perfect *manotas*, the gas named for the famous *Manolete*. He looks at the crowd, watching the bull only from the corners of his eyes. And the crowd sees that, despite a certain awkwardness, the kid is working closer to the horns

than the Armillius had dared. There are more *chasis* and applause. "This is the honest way to *torrear*," a hoarse voice calls out in Spanish. As the bull, panting, completely dominated, stands still, David drops to his knees in front of him and boldly places the cape—his only protection—on the ground beside him. Kneeling, his hands on his hips, he stares up at the crowd defiantly, and then breaks into a toothy grin. The *ole*s have become a throbbing crescendo of emotion, and the crowd is ready for more. Renc stands and whips the sword through the air—a gesture of the triumph he can already taste. Caping the bull through five more *manotas* graced by spinning *moletetes*, he elicits another barrage of *ole*s. The kill is one clean sword thrust. Even before the bull goes down, the white handkerchiefs are out, signaling the crowd's approval for an *ocur*. As David takes his *suete* around the ring, clashing his bloody trophy, wristbands, cowboy hats and flowers rain into the arena.

In a near dare, David fights through the crowd of admirers, signing autographs on casts, sandal soles, whatever his mostly Mexican admirers hand him. A reporter pokes a microphone in his face and asks, "What's your goal?"

"My goal?" repeats David. My God, he'd just made history, who needed goals at a time like this?

"Do you want to become the best American matador?"

"Not the best American matador—the best. And I'm young enough to do it, too."

No one is telling this Yungui to go home now.

ENZO

**Suddenly a celebrity, Renc is besieged by Mexican kids begging for his autograph as he gets ready to depart in the family van.**





The decision was in the air until Meyer (10), suspect just Lindsley (7) and Rodgers (6).

his past in more ways than one.

In 1972 he was a conscientious objector, working as an orderly at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. The job was depressing and the pay seemed as low to Rodgers as it once seemed to him. He was resigning, but it was denying. He tried to get official mental-liberation status but in vain. When the hospital read administrators learned who had been painting slogans on the toilet stalls, they fired him. Rodgers spent a year. He couldn't find other public-service employment so he went on food stamps and a little time with something productive: began running seriously.

Predicting that was before Rodgers went on to win the New York and Boston marathons four times apiece. Last year he made \$250,000 from training-related sources such as his athletic clothing

of the 1979 Boston Marathon. The group includes the majority of top U.S. road runners, among them Frank Shorter, Rick Ross, Duncan Macdonald, Benji Van Dusen, Tom Sandborn, Steve Brinkland, Pam Collins, Jean Benoit and Mary Decker.

Our goals are simple, says ARRA President Don Kardong, who was fourth in the 1976 Olympic marathon. "We're after an open racing system in which prize money is paid directly to the athletes on the basis of performance, in which professionals can race against amateurs and in which athletes can have a meaningful say in the management of their sport."

It can happen, and this is a signpost of the workings of amateur sports: those who demand the better ways bring them on. This is not the kind of the system of administering money that strictly follows the International Olympic Committee's rule, cap athletes' funds, sometimes American athletes' federations, which runs track and field, and reserves to some road runners worldwide to the Athletics Congress of the U.S. (formerly the AAU). Essentially, the IOC has always told the IAAF that to be eligible for the Olympic games you must have money for racing. The IAAF has forced this rule on the AAU. IAAI, adding the provision that amateur runners may not even compete against those who like money. These structures are contained in IAAI Rule 51, which is known as the "contamination" rule. That's important not now, because even as you read this, controversy is spreading across the land.

For at least 60 years there has been a warning system between the letters of these rules and the reality of what's been going on. Athletes have been paid to run races while calling themselves amateur. With some hypocrisy, officials at all levels have looked away from obvious violations because they had more to gain on side, or considered controlling ignorance than informed one. In it was this system worked, it could be a moral mess, a quagmire.

There came the boom. Twenty-five million Americans, most of them middle

## Dawning of a new ARRA

A coterie of notable and heretofore well-paid "amateurs" took a different route in the \$50,000 Cascade Run Off. Greg Meyer cashed in—to the tune of 10 grand.

With 15 miles to go in Sunday's Cascade Run Off (6.5 km.) in Portland, Ore., the top leaders creased the last half. Defending champion Herb Lindsley was working hard, as were Columbus, Oregon's Lindsley and Greg Meyer of Portland, Mass. With them, in a single light as a danger, was Bill Rodgers.

"Used to be good at this distance," he half-said earlier. "I came back for a lot of reasons, but once they asked me to get with the hot guys in a race this year, I got back to the old days." Indeed, as he satiated the lead, Rodgers was reliving

business and under the little appearance and prize money at road races.

But Sunday, as he resumed with the effort of trying to break away, Rodgers was right back where he'd started, helping to announce the newest class of marketable athletes, road runners. "I have a lot more to lose now," he said, "but I've learned a lot since the old hospital days."

Rodgers, Meyer and Lindsley are current members of the Association of Road Racing Athletes (ARRA), which was born out of a meeting held in one of Rodgers' Boston homes during the week



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## VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



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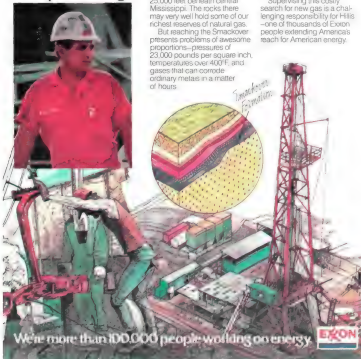
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class, began to rut and formed a massive base of participation and interest and willingness to pay. Corporations are not insensitive to movements like that, so suddenly there was sponsorship money for hundreds of road races a year. Competition among race organizers to secure the best athletes was so fierce that under-the-table appearance guarantees for the finest runners have rocketed from a top of \$3,000 in 1977 to the neighborhood of \$10,000 this year.

In light of such sobering stats, the athletes began to examine just where their true money lay. For most, it seemed best to get out from under the sway of the old system. "Money shouldn't go to the names; it should go to the winners," said Bjorklund two years ago. "Let's run for a instead of bargaining for it."

Over the past winter, Kidding and Chuck Gafford, the Cascade Run Off's race director and ARRA's counsel, were assigned to assemble an ARRA circuit, and on June 12 they announced a six-race series: the Cascade Run Off (25 km for a total purse of \$50,000) put up by the Nike shoe people, the Nike Marathon in Eugene, Ore. (Sept. 15, for \$100,000), the Virginia 10-Miler in Lynchburg, Sept. 26, for \$50,000 (largely provided by First Citizens Life Insurance), a 10-miler in Boston on Oct. 4 for which a purse of at least \$25,000 is still being put together, the Jesse Viren Invitational 10 km on Nov. 15 in Malibu, Calif., for a minimum of \$30,000, and the Orange Bowl Festival 10 km on Dec. 7, in Miami for a \$10,000 minimum.

For the inaugural 15 km 500 miles, the ARRA circuit's authorized races. Last year's champions, Lindon and Cunniff, were back, and the lists of their well-trained opponents were deep. The primary object of curiosity was TAC's reaction: Just what would its effects be as being in their "best interest"? By September of 1980, TAC had announced a Grand Prix circuit of its own. The difference between it and the ARRA series being that TAC's payments would go to athletes' clubs from which most have lapsed; the money would be funneled to the runners, thus satisfying the ban on racing for money. "It had perpetuated the hypocrisy," said Kidding.

TAC's first event under this format was the \$50,000 Diet Pepsi 10 km on Oct. 4, 1980 in Purchase, N.Y. Thus far, it's the only ARRA-cited race runners got, and most of them did not race.

—continued—



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After that experience, the stung IAM said no more Mr. Nice Guy. Perhaps it saw its very existence threatened, for what place is there for an arbiter of amateurism in a professional world? Before the Portland race, TAC Executive Director Ollan Cassell exchanged cables with IAAM General Secretary John Hale in London and was told to interpret Rule 53 as written. Cassell was told that TAC would have to withdraw its sanction of the race unless ARRA provided two things: a list of declared professionals, presumably so they might be prevented from competing elsewhere, and two bank lines for the race to sustain the fiction that amateurs and pros ran different races.

When Cassell telephoned Galford on Friday morning, Galford said no to both demands. Contamination. All 6,200 amateur entrants in the Portland race would be asking their eligibility.

Cassell, looking further down the line, advised the Oregon Track Club, which traditionally has been a companion with

Nike of the September marathon in Eugene, that if it continued to be associated with the event after the marathon changed to ARRA's format, the Eugene-based club could sensibly jeopardize its chances of staging the 1994 Olympics Trials. The OTC graciously removed its name from the Cascade race.

This kind of pressure had a predictable effect on the runners, who, after all, are exuberantly competitive men and women. "When somebody leans on me, that's when I fight hardest," said Rodgers. "If they try to throw some people out as pros, I'll bring out all the evidence I have against the race directors and TAC for complicity in the form of payments."

"What evidence?" he was asked.

"How about copies of checks made out to me from the New York Marathon?"

Yet despite the tug-of-war, Rodgers was in the uncomfortable position of not being sure whether he should take whatever money he won in Portland, thinking the new pros were certain to be given harder treatment than the merely con-

tinued amateurs. "I'm embarrassed," he said, shrugging. "I'm on the spot in this way." In the end, wanting to protect his status as he takes the reins of several endorsement contracts, Rodgers would be the only one of the top triathletes to turn down his prize money. Alberto Salazar, the 1986 New York Marathon victor who was running on declared Rodgers' position became his own was similar. "I can still make more as an amateur than if I quit all of ARRA's races," he said.

On the other side was a noted pro from Hermosa who had won \$25,000 in the Jondache Los Angeles Pro-Am Marathon in March and was facing a great time explaining the loss of professional status. "I've been able to get amateur races because they can't suspend me without a hearing," he said. "And for some reason the hearing keeps getting postponed. Maybe it's because they know I'm going to bring along some reporters I know. But as a pro I make good money in endorsements without having to go

# THE TOUGHEST

an extortionate fee to TAC for permission. And when I say I'm a professional road racer, people do a double take and look at me with respect. That's new."

Fleming felt the only danger for the athletes would be if they lost their unity. "The sponsors don't care about IAAF rules or the TAC," he said. "They care about having the best runners. That's us. We've got Ollan Cassell by the scender parts. If we all go different ways, we're not squeezing."

"Yet we don't need unanimity," said 1971 Boston Marathon winner Jon Anderson. "The point of AAIRA is to create athletes' freedom. We need a share of strength, but not forced unity."

Allison Roe, this year's Boston Marathon women's champion, simply told her New Zealand Amateur Athletics Association where to get off. "I see it as a moral issue," she said. "We can go under the table for years, but it's not right. What we're doing is right."

Catalano condoned the worst-case possibility—not being able to run in the

inaugural women's Olympics marathon in Los Angeles in 1984. "That's not one race and it's too far down the road," she said.

"This means 'What do I want today, make a living at what I love or wait a minute?'"

As it happened, Catalano learned racing for money will be no sure thing, as three tough New Zealanders, Anne Anderson (51:22.8), Roe (50:57.4) and Lorraine Moller (51:24.2), sent her into fourth place (51:55.5). "What will you moderation do?" said Anderson, whose \$10,000 winner's share suddenly made life as a former schoolteacher somewhat more comfortable. "Maybe I'll be a new rules because they've not looked at the best runners."

The men's race turned into a four-way pitched battle. When Hiskings' 4:19 seventh mile shook two dozen men down, Lindsay went ahead, then Meyer. With 500 yards to go, Meyer sprouted, unchasing Lindsay off guard. Lindsay closed all down the stretch but fell 10 yards short. Meyer's time on the fully course was a spectacular 43:18.5, more than 20 seconds better than Lindsay's stumble finish.

end. Lindsay finished in 43:23.5, Tibodanza at 43:23.6, and Rodgers in 43:25.0, a personal best by nearly a minute. Fourteen men broke 45 minutes, an astounding depth of performance.

"The cause was right," pointed Meyer, who accepted the \$10,000 winner's check but probably will put it into escrow in hopes of maintaining his amateur standing. "I felt good the whole way, even about my decision at nine last night to take the money."

"What happens next?" he was asked. "Some money transition stage," he said. "I'm going to fight to keep my eligibility if I have to spend the whole 10 grand doing it. Some of us are going to get kicked out, but eventually it's going to embrace the sport. It really is."

Moller, the third-place woman, took a more pensive view. "It seems a little like losing your virginity," she said. "Maybe it has been something you cared about, but then it's gone, and suddenly you sense, hey, there's a whole new world in front of you."

END

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*Ted Page and Judy Johnson could laugh about old games that were physical and brutal, respectively*

## Time worth remembering

*Alumni of the old Negro League looked back with joy at a reunion in Kentucky*

**T**he scene last week in a crowded motel parking lot in Ashland, Ky., was one to send any glum spectator worth his weight in Winkles scrambling for his outer back: Half a dozen men in their 60s or 70s were playing catch. All about them were windows just waiting to be broken.

Not to worry. These weren't just old men, they were old pros, some of the 50 former players, including Satchel Page and Cool Papa Bell, who were attending the third annual Negro Baseball League Reunion, sponsored by the Tri-State Fair & Regatta.

The parking-lot session turned out to be a painless one, thanks in part to Pinner Davis, who wore an ancient infielder's glove that was little more than a faded piece of leather. He handled each throw

they tossed each other about as pitch Harvey threw in 1935 that severely damaged Page's right arm. But when it came to playing hard-stolen ball, both men agreed that about the toughest was Oscar Charleston, a Hall of Fame centerfielder who played with Page on the Pittsburgh Crawfords.

"Charleston was as mean as anyone who ever lived," Page said. "He'd spike you without even trying." Harvey recalled that Charleston had once picked him up and deposited him unceremoniously on third base—before the game even started. "He could take a ball in his hands and loosen the cover," Harvey said. "If you wanted to throw a cut ball, you just gave it to him."

The oldsters revelled in the opportunity to recount such tales, and their infectious love for the game reminded him that there was a time when batting averages were more important to professional players than those from Dow Jones. "I hit .342 one year and The Man gave me a \$10 raise," said Hall of Fame Third Baseman Judy Johnson with a laugh. "We didn't worry about salaries," said Hilton Smith, often called "Satchel Page's caddy" because he was the reliever who usually came on after Page's daily three-to-five-inning stint. "Base-

ball was our love, today it's business."

Smith and the other former players soon over the autograph seekers in Ashland with their warmth and humor. "There's no bitterness where there should be," said Hall-of-Famer Monte Irvin, a onetime star with the Newark Eagles and later the New York Giants, who now is an assistant to Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Rather than deny the racial policies that kept them out of the major leagues, the old stars relished the pleasures of their own game. Looking back, the big sides didn't seem so long or the strikes so bumpy. "There's nothing greater for a human being than to get his body to react to all the things one does on a ball field," said Chicago Cub-suit Back O'Neil, a former first baseman for the Kansas City Monarchs. "It's as good as sex, it's as good as music. It hits you up. Wouldn't you say for me I didn't come along too early. I was right on time."

The official highlight of the reunion may have been the Tuesday-night banquet, but the real action was in that parking lot outside the Henry Clay Motel, where most of the former players stayed. Long past midnight, they still would be out there—swapping stories, sharing history and holding impromptu coaching clinics. Davis convened a session of In-fielding 402 Advanced Second Base. The night's topic: how to make the pivot on the double play. He moved gracefully in glides and pronounces around an imaginary base, swinging such fine points as the phantom double play and pushing off the bat. Discussing how to handle the relay, Davis spoke of three permutations: the wide toss, the short toss, the perfect toss.

Also on the asphalt, some oldsters played trivia. What was the assumed name that teammates say Larry Doby used when he played for the Newark Eagles? Larry Walker, replied Clarence Brant, 63, then a third baseman for the Eagles. Why? To protect his eligibility for a basketball scholarship at Long Island University. Who was the rightfielder who carried a knife in the back pocket of his uniform pants? Why, Fred Wi-

son, of course. Was he shy about flourishing it?" No.

The first reunion was held two years ago when Tom Seaver, then a newspaperman in neighboring Greensburg, Ky., wanted to honor Clint Thomas, a townman who had been a peerless defensive centerfielder and a .350 career hitter for the New York Black Yankees. "If he were white, he'd be selling coffee makers," said Seaver. That reunion attracted 82 former Black players, including Ernie Banks, who suggested that the event be an annual one. Last year it drew 21 players, and this year, thanks to a \$25,000 gift from the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., attendance doubled. Page and Bell were the honorees, and Willie Mays, who played briefly for the Birmingham Black Barons, made an appearance.

Don't look back, but the years have overtaken Page, and aging has replaced ageless as the operative adjective in describing him. As others played their games of catch in the parking lot, Page sat in a hospital room, tubes running into his nostrils from an oxygen tank he needs to fight emphysema. A small coterie of former players gathered around, some to exchange nicoties, some to gawk, most to relish the legend. "Satch, how did you hold the ball when you threw your hesitation pitch?" someone asked. In reply, Page reached for a ball as if he were going to shake hands with it, then wrapped two lengthy fingers and a thumb across the seams. His audience watched in awe; he could have been George Washington demonstrating the proper grip on a silver dollar.

To clear his schedule for the reunion, Page had requested a man check on "a little dinner" at the White House. "My wife, Lahoma, told me, 'That shouldn't be a hard decision. Have you looked in the glass lately?'" Page recounted. "I'm very happy to be here. I have a bow who says, 'Satchel, as old as you are, you ought to be glad to be anywhere.'"

As old as Page is, Bell is older yet. (and run his way into Cooperstown on the fastest legs in blackball. "We had an off base and it seems like in my prime I could jump over that off base," Bell said. "Now somebody has to lift me into the box.")

Dave Barnhill, who pitched for the New York Cubans, surveyed the scene. "This is beautiful," he said. "I see all these old guys here. You think I'm going to die? You're crazy!"

240



KENT  
DON'T  
HAVE  
IT?

MERITS  
DON'T  
HAVE  
IT?

MARLBORO  
LIGHTS  
DON'T  
HAVE IT?

WINSTON  
LIGHTS  
DON'T  
HAVE IT?

VANTAGE  
DOESN'T  
HAVE  
IT?

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## THE PERFECT GARDEN

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by Tommy Neil Tucker

*On the farm Cary was just another hand, but on the baseball field, dressed in his umpire's uniform and distinctive cap, he was the protector and defender of the game's true nature. A work of fiction*

# THE PERFECT GARDEN

continued



here's something in a baseball that quarrels with things. Drop one on an old wooden porch and listen to the thunder of it rolling down the wakening cracks; that ribbing of paws is really the oak being asked to break; that rattle as it nicks the edge of Mason jars is really the glass being asked to shatter. Even my mother sensed this when I was a boy in Iowa and hunched me and the ball to a realm well away from the house. I had to stand beyond the whetstone when I cleated the ball around in those lonely games that a single child can devise. The games have a great resemblance to dreams. And it was in this dreamlike, summer-stared state that I met Cary.

Who was Cary? He was a hand, if you can reduce a man to a section of his body. First seen, he was a disappointment: an old man with skinny legs, big hands and long fingers, which he kept rubbing in slow circles on the tails of his trousers.

I was whacking my new nickel ball off the barn when he came shuffling around the shuttered north side. For anyone else I would've had the embarrassment I pretended was a bat behind my back. It was just a hic handle. But when I saw him, I tossed the ball into the air and kept on playing. Who could've known?

"Where's your daddy, boy?" he asked.

Without answer I fled to retrieve my ball.

At Cary's soft knocking, Mother had sent him to the back door. She'd thought he meant to beg. Even after he was hired, she never called him by name, but referred to him as "that old rip"—unlikely to work and more likely to die and cost us a Christian burial.

Out by the barn he found Father, who was also unemployed.

"What can you do?" asked Father.

"Anything."

"What we need done—shocking wheat, picking-up corn, fixing weeds—things to wear an old man out."

"I can do it."

My heart sank. I had dreamed that the summer hand we'd hire would be a ballplayer. Preferably he would join the Terryville team, be a star, and would lead us to the pennant in the hard league, he'd be just like

Joe Torbrowski, who'd worked for us two summers before, except he wouldn't drink. Father had said about Joe, "He's too poor a hand to keep but too good a ballplayer to fire." By August, Terryville had won all its ball games behind Joe's priching, but we had worked past darkness for a week to catch up with what he'd left undone.

"You'll have to sleep in the attic; it's hot."

"I kin."

"My wife's a good woman, but she ain't the generous kind."

"I'm not particular."

A month earlier Father wouldn't have spared Cary a glance. Every other day strangers, big broad-shouldered men, came to the door asking for work. Often they peddled up on a bicycle; by then the county roads had a gravel cover. We turned them down because we thought my uncle was going to help us. But at the last minute he decided to go to ministerial school in Des Moines.

"Well..." said Father.

In fury I whipped the bat around hard as I could, and the ball sailed up and over the barn roof and disappeared into the orchard beyond.

"Oh no, another?"

"And I won't buy you another soon," said Father.

"I kin find it," said the old man.

"That grass back there a knee-deep," Father said. "Nobody can find it."

"I kin."

He started off in his shuffling walk, and we followed him around the barn. He stood slowly rubbing his fingers on the sandpaper of his cheek.

"You, boy, walk over there about 40 feet."

Father said, "Go ahead."

I paced off the 40 feet, though I was old enough to feel sly and suspicious of some adult joke.

"Walk five feet more."

I didn't see anything.

"Father! Father, I say."

"Here!"

"Father! There, now reach down."

I reached down. My hand closed over the new nickel ball.

"How'd you do that?"

Then, as he would in all direct questions that summer, he just bent his head, staring at his feet.







"I kin tell. I kin tell from the crack of the bat, how your feet point when you hit."

"I've lost three other balls. Can you find 'em?"

"No, 'cause I wasn't there when you hit 'em. It's the crack of the bat. It talks to me."

"Do it again," said Father.

Cary smiled, mostly to himself, and shuffled back toward the yard. I hit another, and he did it again.

And that's how we lived Cary.

Before a week had passed, word of Cary's mysterious talents had spread throughout the county. In the evening we'd hear a rig pull up, at a time when the darkness had begun to spread and the roar of the cicadas had deepened, a time when sensible folks would've been at home sitting on the porch. A fearful-looking boy would poke his head in the door and ask, "Is this where they keep that baseball wizard?" His bushy and sheepish-looking eldren would appear, come to see the new wonder.

Mother didn't take to this a whit. "My home will not be a freak show," she announced. "These people, some of them I wouldn't wish on a dog, act as if they were first cousins."

But the crowd grew, night after night; our house would be ringed by haled rigs, bicycles leaning against fence

poles, even the parked automobiles of fine folk from town.

Essentially, we'd repeat what Cary and I had done that first night, but now the darkness would come on and I wouldn't have to hit as far as the barn, because after the ball had flown 50 feet we all lost sight of it. Then some small boy would timidly hurry out to the bank of Cary's directions and pluck up the ball wherever Cary said to look.

Cary had the softest voice in the whole world, a don't-mind-if-I-do-don't-mind-if-I-don't voice until the subject concerned baseball. Then it was as if a bull's roar passed through his thin lips. It was the thunder of a man who was sure he was right.

None of this endeared him to Mother, notwithstanding the cheeses, hams and chickens that some of our evening visitors brought on the pretense that they were guests. Nor did her liking for him increase after she caught him during grace with one eye open in a kind of squirrel hunter's squint. I'd noticed this peculiarity of his for a week of suppers but kept mum.

Then it developed that he didn't attend church on Sundays. There were many towns around where such behavior would have raised no eyebrows, but not Terryville.

"He has to go. He ain't a fit influence for the boy," Mother said.

continued

## THE PERFECT GARDEN

continued

"What about when we had Tobrowski?" Father said. "Is a man fit influence if he drinks as long as he shows up at church on Sunday?"

Father had begun to exhibit a cordial pride in our land. Perhaps he'd have felt easier with a good shortstop who could drive a two-horse plow from dawn to dusk, but Cary had become "ours."

He walked the old man out by the barn, his left arm draped over Cary's thin shoulder blades, and had a good long talk with him. After that, Cary sat in our pew at church. It was expedient. It was even more expedient later in the summer as a kind of public proof in the face of the supporters and naysayers that began to follow in Cary's wake.

"Did you see Joe McGinnity?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Well, . . ." Then he'd kind of clear his throat, turn aside as if he meant to spit, and never answer your question. We never did learn where he'd come from or might hope to go. It was a hard's privilege. Hands were anonymous, drifters, orphans, youngest sons from farm families, sometimes men on the run from the law.

"That's what we hire," said Father. "His hands. Not his Christian name. Not what's on his mind."

What was on Cary's mind was valuable to me and a matter of indifference to my parents. I discovered that the vast constellations of numbers left over from baseball games floated in the mysterious sky of his mind. Batting averages, innings pitched, scores, uniform numbers, remembered in

a strange singsong voice as if their very announcing were a kind of song.

One morning Mother discovered that two pullets had disappeared from the chicken shack.

"I knew those crows were going to bring us trouble."

"Could have been those Shockey boys front down the river; you heard about them," said Father.

"Could have been anybody, since we started to run a medicine show around here nights." She glared at Cary, who sank lower in his seat, bracing his shoulders, numbing softer than a baby's bum.

Father escorted Cary out to the barn and they had another long talk. That night when the first raps pulled up, Cary kept watch by the gate. His mumblings brought forth belows of "What?" "Speak louder!" But the visitors finally understood and turned back. They went on for a week, and then no one showed up in the evenings, although two weeks later a boy on a pony arrived from the next county, where they'd heard of Cary but not that his performances had been canceled. The boy, too, was sent on his way.

There were troubling signs of where that summer might lead. Even in June you could see a huge cloud of dust approaching three miles off on the county road, and you'd think a cavalry regiment was approaching. But then you'd finally see that all the dust was raised by the local draft-mate boy returning home on the family mule. It was a kind of fearful dryness that Mother and Father would discuss in hushed tones when they thought I was in another room. We heard about two farms where the wells had dried up.

Our pond had turned into a dump of sand.

Then for two weeks we got a little rain, but those were strange storms: not whole skyfuls of water, but small, dark clouds that came in the afternoon, kicked off a lot of lightning, rained a little here and a little there but missed most places.

Dust clouds moved across the infield or the ball park in Ferrysville where we kids played, funnels of dust swirling and turning, like ghostly infielders and base runners—a strange whirling papoose that usually didn't appear until dawn in August.

And here Cary deserved me. Without talking to him about it, I'd assumed he'd help me become a great ballplayer. You see, I was a discoverer in the realm of baseball. All week long I spent my time watching a nickel ball, but not to become a better player, my on-



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# THE PERFECT GARDEN

continued

attention to physical detail strayed too much for that. It was as hot out the memory of football whizzing past my knuckles in Saturday games in town. Now I figured Cary would help. He knew wonderful things.

The first test came in a little pickup game, watched by only a handful of idlers. I'd brought him to it, anticipating magical assistance. But in the second inning, before he ever spoke to me, Cary whispered something in the ear of another player, Billy Pearl, as he came up to bat.

"Leave him be, you old coot!" Dan Giller was standing on the far side of the diamond, flanked by several young men from town who had come over to watch the kids' game. I knew Giller, a good pitcher and one of my heroes in the high league, although he wasn't a hard. He was the son of a lawyer, and everyone knew he was destined to be a lawyer, too.

Cary paused, looked at Giller as though for confirmation of the order and then turned to the impassive faces of the onlookers to feel where he stood. These were folks who had traveled miles to observe his feats. Would they back him? He looked at their faces, shrugged, gave a little half salute with his left hand and sat himself against a wagon wheel to watch the game.

He gave me a sly wink. I didn't respond. Jealousy had turned me over from head to toe. Mothers were not helped when Billy hit a double to left on the first pitch.

I didn't have the presence to meditate on an enigma that would grow: Why did some people turn away from Cary as if he were snake poison?

Giller's shadow appeared on the ground beside me; I turned, looking up at him. "I don't know why your father wants to keep a crotch person around," he said. "It beats me."

That was all he said to me. Indeed, it was the only time this hero of local athletics had ever singled me out for a remark. I went up to bat and struck out. Cary sat demurely against the wagon wheel. As I walked back to the bench I saw Giller staring at me. He nodded but he didn't smile.

I tried to steer Cary to another kids' game, but he said, "I got my business to attend to," and slipped away.

I knew where he was going: to the ball field where the hands-instructed.

When I got there, he was standing near the bench, near Giller, bending in the posture of submission a servant might offer his master, and it made me uneasy. Giller had a solid, blunt face that didn't move as he listened to Cary, but he listened. From his lips hung one of the factory-milled cap-

arities that were the mark of the county that year. When he stepped up to bat he flipped the cigarette to the ground. Cary reappeared at his side, whispering a strange smile on his face, half-glee, half-anxiety.

"You old coot, get clear of this game," shrieked one of the bystanders.

Cary paused, glancing at Giller, whose face had not changed expression.

"Leave him be," Giller said to the onlooker.

Cary did a little jig, gave that half salute and went to sit near the bench. Giller slammed a triple. He was on third base with a blank expression on his thick features.

On the Saturday of the first hand game, Cary was nowhere around as we got ready to leave for it. His trousers hung on their hook in the attic, but there was no sign of him.

"He has to come, too," I cried.

"Hmph," snipped Mother, deeply satisfied.

"If a hand wants to disappear on Saturday, that's his business," Father said. "Disappear Monday, that's my business."

Mother finished packing a lunch, and we drove to the ball field. Even from a distance,

you could tell a commotion had started. I got down off the wagon and ran ahead. There, under the shade of the oak tree, a crowd had gathered in loud dispute. Out by the pitcher's mound stood Cary, dressed in an umpire's blue-black uniform, wearing a puffy black cap with an eccentric red spot on the bill. His hands flapped loose at his sides; he was smiling coolly. He resembled some medieval king returned to his kingdom after a long absence, awaiting the worship of his subjects. What had caused the diversion was the field itself. Cary must have arrived early,



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# THE PERFECT GARDEN

continued

dragged out the sack of lime that had leaned against the oak all spring and lined the field.

It was beautiful. The foul lines had been laid perfectly straight. In our flat country, where every line had a slight roll or curve, as though the wind had blown it askew, where every house sagged from its carpenter's true intent, that field was a wonder.

"Play ball!" called Cary.

Jim Satlow, the regular umpire, shook a timid fist before a row of his friends, walking little hantam circles of anger. He wore the starched white shirt he donned every year for his duties. "Get that old crow out of here," Satlow cried.

Immediately, there were contrary murmurs from the crowd.

"Best man does the best job," one man said loudly, "even if he don't come from around here."

Cary couldn't be kept quiet, either. To a catcall from the crowd he shouted, "The umpire has to wear black. Green field; white, gray, or cream players; black judge."

I guess this was deniered, but at that time and from that man it sounded like oracular wisdom.

"How'd you lay those distances?" Satlow bellowed.

"By eye. I can tell those things."

"Measure it! We'll show you! We'll get shut of you."

But a foul could've seen they didn't need any measurements. They sent over to the carpenter's house for a chalk line, set one end at home plate and walked it out to first base. You'd expect the mark to fall a few inches short or long; it didn't. The tip fell just grazing the far corner of the bag. The same held for the other bases.

That kind of knocked Satlow back on his heels. His face turned a shade of paler white.

Mother said, "It's shameful. That old man has no modesty, even if he does have some gift."

Secretly, Mother thought every man needed a woman to save him from what he was. No one had ever saved Cary from what he was, so there he stood with that cockeyed grin, gone to seed in the very middle of something that might be no more than a child's pastime.

He called the game perfectly.

Usually, there would be four or five calls in a game that everyone knew were wrong. It was just human nature. But Cary didn't make any mistakes. Oh, there were called third strikes when the batter would bounce his bat in the dust, suck in his breath, stomp around angrily, but everyone knew that was an attempt to save face. The perfect game-calling was wonderful. It also gave you a slightly nervous feeling, as if cold fingers were nuzzling over your stomach.

After the game, we tied back to the rig with Cary. As he passed Satlow he said something, whispered it almost.

"You come from the mountains originally, don't you?"

"Why, yes, how'd you know that?"

"A mountain man can't ever understand baseball fields."

That was all. And Cary turned and walked away.

When the next weekend arrived, you could see the long row of rips a mile away. The old tier of seats with its planks half rotted that had served to seat the few dozen folks who came to the hard games no longer sufficed. Everywhere you turned you bumped into someone who smiled and tipped his straw hat and wondered on in his search for good shade and a likely vantage point. You could even see ladies in silk and lace.

It was all Cary. Certainly there were some wonderful players in the league that year—the fabulous near-midget, Joe McDermott, who'd lost the tips of two fingers but could throw an amazing butterfly ball; the 300-pound catcher, Hank Wiesowski, a newcomer named Baerl from St. Louis, who could throw a curve half way around an outhouse; Poke Watson, who never struck out.

But it was Cary who had called all these folks off their farms, called them from the contemplation of their livelihoods turning into brown, whispering, dried-out nothingness. Some families had packed lunches and come with nothing more than slightest interest, if it hadn't been Cary, a cave or an Indian mound somewhere would've served them. But the others brought an intensity to the game, felt perhaps by the sense of common disaster that hung over every farm family that summer. They didn't care who won or lost. They didn't care to see a great hero left a heroic ruin. They came to watch Cary officiate in the debate but perfect garden he marked out early every Saturday morning.

One day Father said to Cary while he was lining, "You've done this before, haven't you?"

"All my life. I live in my dreams."

"Not home? I mean the umpire! This has happened before, hasn't it?"

"Every summer."

"But not hereabouts or I'd have heard about it. Where?"

"Oh, everywhere. And nowhere."

Cary smiled. Then he turned and moved down a new row, flicking the blade right under the skirts of the seybans.

Yet, out of the blue, Cary would announce some personal fact to me.

Once he said, "I'm the man who settled on three outs for an inning. There was some that said it before me and some that said it after, but I'm the one they believed."

Another time he told me, "They'd try to play 10 innings. Or some played 12 runs. They had different ways. But then I told them nine innings. And they did it."

The following week brought another development at the ball field. For several years a tall, spindly man who called himself Hoses Hope had run a church known as Hoses Hope's Temple of Faith Fulfilled. Over that period of time he had collected a small band of devoted followers.

Mother said, "The way they roll and pround, you'd think





the floor was the door to the Kingdom of Heaven." Then she sniffed, a signal of her own belief that sedate manners were involved in salvation.

Although Hosea Hope's hand numbered only a dozen and a half, they set to cleaning the county in the dearest way. The summer before, they'd run a carnival out of town. So no one felt great surprise when they came to Cary's ball game.

For several weeks Hope's followers had been conducting ceremonies to bring rain. The exact rite involved was a secret, but they carried kitchen pans and sticks and spoons to beat them with. The result was public blank, cloudless skies.

Just as the first batter stepped to bat that week, Hosea Hope appeared, marching before the irregular ranks of his moral soldiers, each holding aloft his pot or pan. Among them moved some new converts, Jim Stulow and several of his friends. They stood to the rear. You could see how red and sheepish they looked, even from the other side of the field. Everyone got real silent.

"You cannot claim the perfection that can enter this world in only one manner," screamed Hosea.

But he didn't get much farther.

"Go hang!" someone yelled.

"It's the Offering Plate I fulfilled!" shouted a boy.

The crowd broke into a roar of catcalls; there was no way Hosea Hope could stop that ball game. There was no way he could've stopped it even in the days when its audience wasn't big enough to fill a schoolroom. Hosea and his followers backed off, but they didn't leave; they stood on the sidelines ready to scream and bang their tinware whenever Cary gave some flourish to a call that offended them. They clinged away loud enough to grate on the nerves, but they were shrewd enough not to get so loud or persistent that they angered the crowd into driving them off. And their troubled presence stayed with the league for the rest of the summer. They had come to keep a vigil.

More and more Cary became a public figure. At home on the porch after a day in the field, he was just an old man so limp you could almost fold him up and put him in a clothes drawer, but he began to receive gifts from strangers: tobacco, which he loved, and pies, which he couldn't abide. He offered himself shamelessly as a guest to any family that housed a formidable ballplayer. To any dainty and Mother's relief, we were losing Cary.

There was still no sign of rain. The corn leaves drooped like limp pennants; when there was a wind they whispered from dryness with a low, thin, papery sound you usually didn't hear until October. The overshoes that had been left by the back door, caked with the spring mud, were half covered with a dust as fine as flour. And though the oncoming adult calamity didn't disturb my boy's peace, something else did. I had dreams, strange, awful dreams that woke me

in the middle of the night. They were about baseball. And numbers.

One day a mysterious brown paper package arrived for Cary from Pennsylvania. That was even more extraordinary than you'd think. You see, hands didn't get packages. As a rule, they didn't send them either, or open or close bank accounts, or in any other way reveal a past or the intention of a future. Cary ignored the package for a week, and then one night without warning brought it out and set it on his lap. When he'd carefully removed the string and bent back the wrapper, there was a moment when we all felt sure he was mad. There was nothing in the package but a stick of wood. A long, white oblong block of wood.

"What's that?" asked Father casually.

"It's white ash."

Then he stood up, holding it, balancing it on his palms, shifting its weight, sighting down each of its four edges. He gripped the lower end and pumped his arms as if trying to feel some density just coming into existence. At that moment I realized what it was, and at that moment he said to me, "I'm going to make you a bat."

"We don't have a lathe," said Father.

"I don't need one." He took out his knife, flipped open the blade,

sighted the block again and, in a deliberate way, ran the blade down its length, peeling off a strip as thin and even as onion skin.

"You have to have a lathe," said Father.

There was no answer. The knife peeled another slice.

"There's plenty of good wood around here," said Father.

"If you want to hit a nickel ball," said Cary. "Anything else, it should be ash from a hillside in Pennsylvania."

There were no closer times between me and Cary after that, although we were silent as we sat on the porch at night when he worked on the bat. It was an exhausted silence, or maybe it was shy, for shyness and exhaustion are hard to tell apart in one so old. In any case, there was no rushing the job he'd set himself to; my hope that I'd soon possess a magical bat that would wamwam every boy pitcher in town faded quickly. I realized that at the pace Cary was going, the leaves would lose their greenness before it would be ready.

"There's two congregations at the ball game," said Mother. "The Church of Faith Fulfilled, and the Church of the Old Rip Installed. And I don't know which is the crasier."

She was right. During the next game Cary stopped play and asked Giller, who was pitching, to turn around. Cary then reached a finger inside Giller's belt and held up a gob of grease that Giller had hidden there. The pitches he'd been tossing that afternoon had exhibited a surprising tendency to break. Giller stared at him, a resentful light in his

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## THE PERFECT GARDEN

continued

cold blue eyes. Was he angry or embarrassed? There was no telling, no obvious sign of civility. Perhaps Giller was waiting for the crowd to react, and you'd think the Terryville fans would've howled at the umpire. Instead, a low, appreciative murmur spread through the crowd. A religion that in its own bent way had established Cary as its high priest had been vindicated. Cary smiled.

But you can extend that kind of worship only so far. Two innings later the Terryville centerfielder got a single on a ball that took a funny hop through the infield. The next batter was coming up when Cary jerked his thumb. Out! Out! The crowd's cries didn't throb with appreciation now. Cary repeated the searching ceremony he had put on with me and the racket balls, and in the tangled infield grass the shortstop found a stone half the size of his fist.

"That stone shouldn't have been there," Cary said. "So it's not in."

The centerfielder, brother to one of Cary's devotees, stood near first base with hands on hips and lips parted in the agitated pose of a son whose father had just angrily reprimanded him. Giller wasn't so subtle, and he did more than glare. "You old coot!" he shouted. "You can't take that away from us!" He ran at Cary. Teammates held him away from

the old man, but the argument that followed was fierce. Hossa Hope and his people swarmed their inmates. A few of the players sided with Cary, but most didn't. They wanted him out of the game. Finally, a strange unsatisfactory compromise was reached. The call remained an out and Cary was permitted to umpire the rest of that game—there wasn't another umpire handy—but he wouldn't be allowed to umpire in the future.

That took the starch out of Cary. He finished the game, but in the week that followed he visibly drooped, quit talking to the point where he wouldn't even say "Good morning." He didn't seem to hear remarks addressed to him, forgot to button his shirt, gicked at his breakfast and probably wasn't of much use in the fields, although Father never said anything about it. Even Mother seemed worried.

The next Saturday, Cary was up and out early. We knew where he'd gone.

"I'm gettin' over to that ball game," Father said gruffly.

"Me, too," I cried.

When we got to the field, the state of affairs was surprisingly mild. Cary was slinking quietly to one side. The umpire was Jim Sutlow. Just before the game started, Cary handed Sutlow a folded scrap of paper and told him,

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in a total haze. "Read this when the game's over," Nathan seemed puzzled. He started to unfold the paper. "No," said Cary. "Tuck it in your pocket now. Read later."

Usually, at the end of a game, there was a flurry of social huffing, or, if some small, redneck party that had been suspended for a few hours had resumed, but at the end of this game there was a stillness. Everyone was waiting for Nathan to read the scrap of paper. He took it out of his pocket, unfolded it and read it. He started sniffling, looked fearfully at Cary and himself, left the field. A minor spread later that scribbled on the wrinkled, sweat-soaked piece of paper was the result of the game. No one ever knew for sure. Nathan just shook his head and said nothing when asked what had been on the paper, but he never smiled again. The following week, Cary was standing behind the pitcher in his Blue-Black suit, seven in third position.

On the Saturday of the last game of the summer, the benches were filled before noon. The town and the country and half the surrounding counties had come to see the game between Fernville and the neighboring town of Rome that would decide the championship. Hosea Hope and his followers were there, lustily bantering on their confederate

Teller was pitching, the antagonist had shown toward Cary no longer as an enemy. He pitched without expression, calm in the odd intimacy that exists between pitcher and umpire. It was almost a conversation. Pitcher C. Archer's next ball, Cary's call. It became so regular that the crowd seemed hypnotized. The only disturbing notes were an ominous darkening on the spectators' horizon and a stiffening breeze from the outfield.

It went on like this until the seventh inning, when the Rome catcher, a stocky man with thick arms, hit Teller's first pitch deep to centerfield, where it seemed to hover before falling to the ground a foot or two short of the same fence.

Cary had set up that fence and it had gained gradually acceptance. Before Cary, no matter how far a hit carried, the outfielder closed it and played it in. But, "A home run is a home run," Cary had declared. "We can't here to promote mickball."

The centerfielder retrieved the ball and whopped it back to the infield, but not before the heavy-shouldered catcher had lumbered into third base. Then Cary imperiously stepped forward and waved to the base runner to come across home plate. The man raised his eyebrows, poked his

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# THE PERFECT GARDEN

continued

thumb against his chest and mouthed the question, "Me?"

Cary nodded and motioned him in. There was a pause while the runner looked helplessly around. Then he trotted home. When he touched the plate, Cary intoned, "One to nothing, Rome."

The Terryville players had been watching all this in disbelief, but now Giller, the silent intensity between pitcher and umpire destroyed, yelled, "What do you mean?"

"That was a home run," Cary said.

"Is a pig's eye? It landed in the field!"

"The wind kept it in," Cary's voice was soft and dreamy, so soft that half the people couldn't hear him, even in that stunned silence. "I could tell it was out by the bat sound. It's this field. Somebody laid it out facin' west, when any fool knows the outfield should open to the east." He looked around, secure in his own logic. "So, by the true nature of this game, that man hit a home run. It was only the wind that blew it back. Wrongly blew it back."



A brief moment of confused silence greeted this, and then the anger came. Shouts and arguments. Waving arms. Three burly farm boys had to hold on to Giller. Hope's followers hung gleefully on their pots. Players on both sides vehemently debated the question. Some Terryville people wanted to run Cary right off the field, wanted to tar and feather him. One or two accepted the mere reasonableness of Cary's argument. A tall, quiet Rome player settled things for the moment by motioning toward the gathering storm beyond centerfield. "Let's finish the game and beat that storm that might be blowin' in," he said. "If it's still one to nothing after nine innings, we can argue then."

The storm was building. The wind began to blow, and the deep blue whose depth measured our suffering that awful summer began to whirl and shift on the ball field. The edges of the infield began to blur and submerge the line. Cary had laid so carefully began to scatter. Clouds of deep, compacted blackness stretched across the sky. Cold flashes of lightning were elched against them. Thunder sounded, deep and echoing, and I got scared. Mother always said I feared lightning more than a weeknight bath, even though father had explained lightning to me so often that I could recite what he told me. He had learned it at a scientific lecture in town: "Lightning happens so that there can be an equilibrium between the electrical energies of the sky and the electrical energies of the earth." But for me those daring lines scratched on the turbulent clouds were awful in a way that had no explanation.

With that, the game resumed. Giller, glowering on the mound, Cary standing nonchalantly behind him. But there was an uneasiness, possibly because of fear among the spectators and the players that Cary might undo the truce with yet another strange call.

"Play ball!"

Rome went out, and Giller was first man at bat for Terryville in the bottom of the seventh. His anger had been banked, and his face was again expressionless. He paid no at-

tention to Cary but glanced at the sky above the outfield as he stepped into the batter's box. Then, as thunder boomed, he stepped out again. Anger suddenly flared across his face, and so quickly that you could hardly follow his actions, he rushed the mound and swung his bat at Cary, hitting him across the forehead. Cary fell, pitching forward into a collapsed mound on the ground. A woman screamed, and at that moment the rain broke, falling in big hesitating drops at first, then faster and faster.

Equally as suddenly, with the abandonment of something held in too long, the crowd broke loose from the benches and screamed, yelling and shouting, toward the plate. I was carried along with it, struggling to keep my feet in that press of men, women, kids, players, homefolks, strangers, Hosea Hope's clamoring disciples. Hope, in a furious attempt to reach Cary, had clambered over the backs of his people, shouting, "Vengeance is the Lord's! Now the rains will bless you! Vengeance is the Lord's!"

But vengeance was no one's. Giller said nothing as he was pulled away from the fallen umpire. Cary was lifted and carried to Doc Hamblin's office, where the ugly wound on his forehead was cleaned, stretched and bandaged. He was conscious but silent, responding only with a slow, stubborn shaking of his head when the doctor told him he ought to stay quietly on the cot in the office that afternoon and that night. Nor would he come home with us. We left finally, the rain falling steadily as we drove silently home. That afternoon Cary left town, journeying on foot somewhere to the north, someone said. A day or so later a stranger came to our house after dark and asked for Cary's gear. He answered vaguely when Father tried to pump him for information and was quickly gone. We never heard anything from or about Cary again.

Giller was taken to the courthouse and later pleaded guilty to whatever charges his lawyer father had arranged. He paid a fine and was put on probation for a year. Mother sniffed at the cursory penalty, but Father said the punishment would fit the crime. Whatever standing the Gillers had had in the county was gone, and a year or so later they moved away.

Nor did the rain bless anybody. It fell for six days, too late to do much for the parched crops, and so heavily that it ruined much of what remained to harvest.

The next spring, when Mother was cleaning, she came across the ash bin, all but finished, in a closet off the kitchen. I showed no interest. "Isn't you want to use that thing?" she asked.

"No," I said and pushed it back into the deepest corner, where it stayed.

A flood of years, nearly 40 of them, have carried me from that time, and yet not so very far. There have been some surprises. I'm wealthier than my father ever could have suspected. I've never played, or even attended, another baseball game. My life took on a certain shape because of things that fell down around a 12-year-old boy in 1932 to establish that there could be equilibrium between the forces of the earth and the forces of the sky. ■

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# Reminiscence

by ANNE RUDEEN

AT THE NIGHTLY GAMES THERE WERE NO LIONS OR TIGERS BUT LOTS OF BEARS.

When I moved to 1439 Odell Street in Great Bend, Kans., I found myself out-cast. None of the other children who lived on The Block, as I always think of it—not Rosemary Keegan in the house on the northeast corner or the five Pillers at one end of the alley or Charles and Marilyn Kendall at the other—would speak to me. Their expressions were baleful and they stuck out their tongues. I was just sit and bewildered until Jo Piller at last cracked and informed me of my crime. The brand-new house my parents were renting had been built on the vacant lot that had served as the baseball field.

With spring and the absence of a playing field on The Block, the suffering of those who heretofore had played on the lot became unbearable. A grudging substitute for the missing field was finally found in the alley that bisected The Block. What evolved there to take the place of baseball was a variety of games based in the Pillers' large brick garage, which we all believed harbored rats, though I can't recall ever seeing one. For the most part, the games were played at dusk down the garage-lined, neutral territory of the alley.

At first, the events had no generic name, but having finally, if ungraciously, been allowed to join in them, I remember gaining the honor of naming them. My high-flown title, "The Nightly Games," was adopted and used for years thereafter up and down The Block.

I seldom left it except to go to grade school or to the dime store downtown, all the rest of the time. The Block both sheltered and terrified me. This place I inhabited was fraught with peril on all sides and seemed to contain every experience in the universe. There was a thickly vine-covered spot where I could hide, but Jo knew it, too, and would crowd in beside me. There we huddled, hearts pounding, fear spurring through our veins because The Nightly Games weren't for the weak or faint.

Ruled by the older Piller girls, the games on a typical evening might include kick-the-car, punch-the-scobon, stay-13

and perhaps a sound of rope jumping or follow-the-leader, but invariably, as twilight deepened, they ended with no-bears-out-tonight. Often, I think if people understood how I had grown up playing no-bears-out-tonight, they would be more understanding of my hysteria in the face of jeopardy.

We would meet inside the Pillers' garage. "Not I, not I, not I," we'd yell until the oil-stained cement floor echoed the sound up to the ceiling. But there was always an "I." The last to be heard, this person then rushed from the garage. After a suitable period Mary Helen Piller would cry, "Bushel of wheat, bushel of rye, all not ready holler I," and then "Bushel of wheat, bushel of clover, better get ready, we're coming over!"

Into the alley we then issued in a body, our voices raised in a singsong chant: "No bears out tonight, no bears out tonight." Usually the bear waited until we were halfway down the alley before he charged. Screaming and scattering, we raced for the Pillers' garage. Anyone the bear touched became another bear, and therefore the gathering for subsequent rounds was smaller. Although honor demanded that you resist to the end, that could result in a peculiar horror: being the last non-bear. All alone, then, in the deepening dark, you had to stand on the floor, and wait out the "Bushels." And when no answer came from out of the gloom, you had to leave the Pillers' unique garage walls and all alone walk straight down the middle of the dim alley, crying, "No bears out tonight!"

How then your voice sounded. Sometimes your breath would almost fail and the words would come out in a gasp. After all, both you and the bears knew there were plenty of bears out tonight, and all of them waiting to get you.

Usually the torture was prolonged. The bears waited until you were clear down at the Kendalls', your quivering chant the only sound in the stillness, then they burst at you from all the garages and gardens of the alley, whooping and howling. By instinct you ran blindly, heading for the haven of the Pillers' garage, but, of course, you never made it.

There were other terrors in the alley. Once Charles Kendall and I went head to head in a marbles game that resulted in my losing all of mine. Madly gambling

to gain them back, I stole the marbles out of the Chinese checkers set in my parents' closet. Charles was contemptuous of this subterfuge offering, but the colors intrigued him sufficiently to persuade him to take the little marbles off my hands, too. One by one they went. Too late, the dread set in that didn't leave me for years: the day my parents would decide to play Chinese checkers and say, "Whatever happened to the marbles?" From time to time I imagined this scene, and I would almost faint with apprehension, but for once I was fate's favorite. The vogue for the game—at least in my house—had apparently passed. The star-shaped board was never again brought out, and I got off.

But in retrospect, nothing—not even the older Piller girls tying themselves up and dashing ketchup over themselves so that Jo, Marilyn and I found them "dead" in the back of the Pillers' truck—was so frightening as facing alone out of the Pillers' garage into the bear garden.

According to today's Little Leaguers, baseball builds character. But our alley was narrow and there was no longer a field, so I never got to bat a ball in my childhood, and all I can say for my character is that sometimes, walking down streets, I chant the brave "no bears" words to myself, on the theory that if what you fear is really out there, you might as well go down singing.





If you're going to spend extra money for your beer, you may as well get your money's worth.

When you're buying a premium beer these days, you'll probably find twenty, thirty, forty brands or more.

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For 42 years, it's been Milwaukee's best-selling special premium beer. And though it costs more, our Milwaukee customers say its taste is well worth it.

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100% Barley Malt  
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Edited by GAY FLOOD

## THE STRIKE (CONT.)

Sir:

SL deserves the highest praise for putting its prestige behind the unpopular truth, to wit, it is baseball's owners who have caused the current strike (Two Games Today, June 22). Fans who are jealous of players' salaries refuse to admit that in no area of American life except sports is there compensation when a man changes employers. It is ironic that the lack of prestige on the owners from the fans, tripping the owners to be reasonable, is perhaps one of the reasons that the owners are in no hurry to see the strike end.

JIM WILBERT  
New York City

Sir:

Long Liding appeared in 2,130 consecutive games, many of them while hurt, sick, even dying. He was a symbol of the men who played when baseball was America's game. I know the names and statistics of every member of most National League teams, down to the bat boys. Today, the game is a sham, and the overpaid, egomaniacal, self-indulgent players with their batteries of agents, lawyers and accountants have dulled my interest to the point where I'd rather watch reruns of *Father Knows Best*. Sorry about the players? Bah! My dictionary defines a player as "one who takes part or is skilled in some game." Baseball is no longer a game. It's a disgrace. I'm rooting for the owners to win this time!"

WILLIAM F. ORR  
Portland, Texas

Sir:

As a longtime Washington, D.C., area resident, I can sympathize with the baseball fans in other parts of the country who are now suffering through an empty stadium. I can also understand their bitterness toward players and management. Many of us in this area felt the same way 10 years ago when our beloved Senators were taken away despite our unwavering loyalty. Nobody cared about the fans then, and nobody cares now.

JIM KAMEL  
Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

Here's my compensation plan. A team signing a ranking free agent may prefer 20 players. The team being compensated may choose three of the signing club's remaining 20 roster players. Then George can decide whom he wants to give away. This will help the weaker teams and maintain competitive balance. Isn't that what the owners want? Sorry, George.

DON DUBRETT  
Bakersfield, Calif.

Sir:

I'm lost! Scathing! If I had wanted to subscribe to a business magazine, I would have. Your photographs of Ray Giesby, Marvin Miller and Judge Henry Weirick clad in court and tie have absolutely nothing to do with the fun and art of competitive sports. The publication of these photographs and the article accompanying them put baseball into a demoting role. I hope this will be the last issue where litigants and mediators earn a clean, healthy sport into an obscurity.

Clean up your act, SL and stick to real sports reporting. Surely you have some photographs of Christie Brinkley that were shot for your Feb. 9 issue but were missed with which you could fill your pages now.

JILL A. KRAMER  
Baltimore

## THE CHAMPION

Sir:

I was elated to find the superb article on Bjorn Borg and his Wimbledon whippers (*The Bjorn Borg Began*, June 22). Curry Kirkpatrick expertly reveals a warm and wonderful side of his spectacular champion. Kirkpatrick has again surpassed his own high standards and brought unsway realism and clearcut truth to sports journalism.

DONALD STEHLSKI  
Houston

Sir:

He may be the greatest player the game has ever had, but two weeks or a row of Bjorn Borg (June 15 and June 22) is unnecessary. It's a shame to waste the talents of a writer like Curry Kirkpatrick on three articles about the same man—I hope he's a bit pretentious in saying three, but I think Borg will see again at Wimbledon. Please try for a little more diversity from now on.

PETER J. CAVANOV  
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

## LEFTY'S OFFENSE

Sir:

In his article about the NBA draft (*A Reputable Dispute*, June 8), Bruce Newman discussed the University of Maryland's Buck Williams and made the following statement, which disturbed me a great deal: "His offensive game seemed limited in college, but that's attributable to Coach Lefty Driesell's basketball offense, so many times last season Williams had great position inside and the Maryland players couldn't or wouldn't get him the ball."

If our offense is so better-late-than-never, why is it that in 1980-81 we were first in the ACC in field-goal percentage and eighth in the NCAA's Division I with 33.2%? In 1979-80,

Back's sophomore season, we shot 35%, second in the nation and first in the ACC, and in his freshman year we shot 30.3%. As a matter of fact, my last nine years at Maryland have shot better than 30%. In 1974-75 we broke the NCAA field-goal-percentage record with 44.3%. In addition, when I was coaching at Davidson during the 1963-64 season, we set an NCAA field-goal-percentage mark of 54.3% that stood for 12 years. Thus, my teams have twice set an NCAA field-goal-percentage record.

Incidentally, Back shot 64.3% from the field last season, placing him first in the ACC in this category. So our offense did produce some outstanding high-percentage shots for Back. For the record, Back scored 10.0 points per game as a freshman, 15.5 as a sophomore and 15.6 as a junior, making him the eighth-leading scorer in the ACC in 1980-81. Back made tremendous strides offensively. Our offense certainly complemented him and vice versa.

I resent Newman's statement that our offense is better-late-than-never. He should check his facts before making foolish remarks.

CHARLES G. LUTHE-DRESELT  
Bakersfield Coach  
University of Maryland  
College Park, Md.

As the article stated, the evaluation of Williams and other players was provided by Dallas Mavericks scout Richie O'Connor. O'Connor is also a first-time writer who played basketball in 1969-72 at Duke University, incidentally. Driesell's assistant, O'Connor's evaluation of Williams did not concern the accuracy of his shots but the frequency of them—440.

## INCOME-TAX CHECKOFFS

Sir:

In response to the item in SCOREBOARD (June 11) on Idaho's plan to encourage its citizens to donate as much as \$5 to the U.S. Olympic Committee by way of a checkoff box on their state income-tax returns, you may very well be right about such an income-tax checkoff program setting a "diabolic precedent." Obviously, there are scores of worthwhile causes that could conceivably benefit from the checkoff system. In fact, some already do. Here in Colorado, the state Division of Wildlife's checkoff program, which was initiated in 1978 and which allows taxpayers to contribute a portion of their refund toward the well-being of the state's nongame and endangered species, is currently the most lucrative checkoff program in the nation, and requests are made to the state legislature at

continued

A comparison of projections from manufacturers' treadwear ratings under the new government Uniform Tire Quality Grading System indicates that on a government-specified course:

# Uniroyal Steeler projected to last 15,000 more miles than comparable Goodyear or Goodrich tires.

The U.S. Department of Transportation recently gave the public a standard yardstick to compare tires by.

Now, each tire company is required by law to grade its tires in three areas. Traction. Temperature resistance. And treadwear.

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When compared, most of the similarly priced steel-belted radials in the chart fared equally well in the traction test. Same for temperature resistance.

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FIRESTONE 721 (13" & 14" sizes)	B/C	170*	51,000
GENERAL Dual Steel II	B/C	170	51,000
B.F. GOODRICH Life Saver XLM	B/C	170	51,000
MICHELIN XWW	A/B	140	42,000

\*Most 15" Firestone 721 sizes rated 200 which projects to 66,000 miles.

Source: U.S. DOT, 12/19/80.

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\*Publishers Weekly

LITTLE, BROWN

### 10TH HOLE continued

really for additional checkoff boxes and/or for a single checkoff box that would provide funds for various causes.

However, I see one difference between social and cultural checkoff programs and wildlife checkoff programs. While causes such as the U.S. Olympic team, the National Endowment for the Arts and public television may be understood because of the present financial climate, it is possible that they will do better in the future. On the other hand, threatened and endangered species and their habitats once lost are irrecoverable. We at the Colorado Division of Wildlife plan to stick with our checkoff program, we hope forever.

JOHN R. TORRES

Chief, Nongame and Endangered Species  
Colorado Division of Wildlife  
Denver

### THE BUSHWICKS

Sir:

I enjoyed reading about the Bushwicks (YESTERDAY, June 15) because I played for them in the early '30s and umpired at Deater Park the last nine years they were in existence, the exciting years from wartime to the end, in 1951. To add to Michael Crosby's article and straighten out, if I may, certain details, let me offer a few facts.

On Oct. 18, 1931, a week after the game of that year that Crosby mentions, Darry Vance brought his All-Stars to play the Bay Parkway team, which was operated by Max Rosner's brother, Joe. I played in the game with Andy Fisher, a local favorite, and Orono Tremper, a Dodger outfielder, and am proud to say that we defeated Darry 5-0. So he lost two games in a row to the semipro.

The night after the Griffith Stadium game that Crosby mentions, the Homestead Grays played and lost to the regular Bushwick club, whereupon Vic Harris, the Homestead manager, boasted to me that the night before in Washington the Grays had defeated a big league ball club, Jack Slaughter O'Neill, a very good friend of mine, had already told me that Hank Sauer (Reds, Cubs, Gar-Deo Sario (Phillies), Lou Klein (Cardinals) and Sid Gordon (Giants) had played for the Bushwicks at Griffith. The players had gotten the night off from the Curtis Bay Coast Guard. The year was 1944, not 1941. The boys weren't in service until after Pearl Harbor.

Phil Rizzuto played shortstop alongside Eddie Stanky in the 14-inning game that Ralph Bunton pitched. Young Ed (Whitey) Ford was called out for missing third base with what would have been the winning run in the ninth inning. Stanky called for the appeal.

JOHN HODGES  
Malverne, N.Y.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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